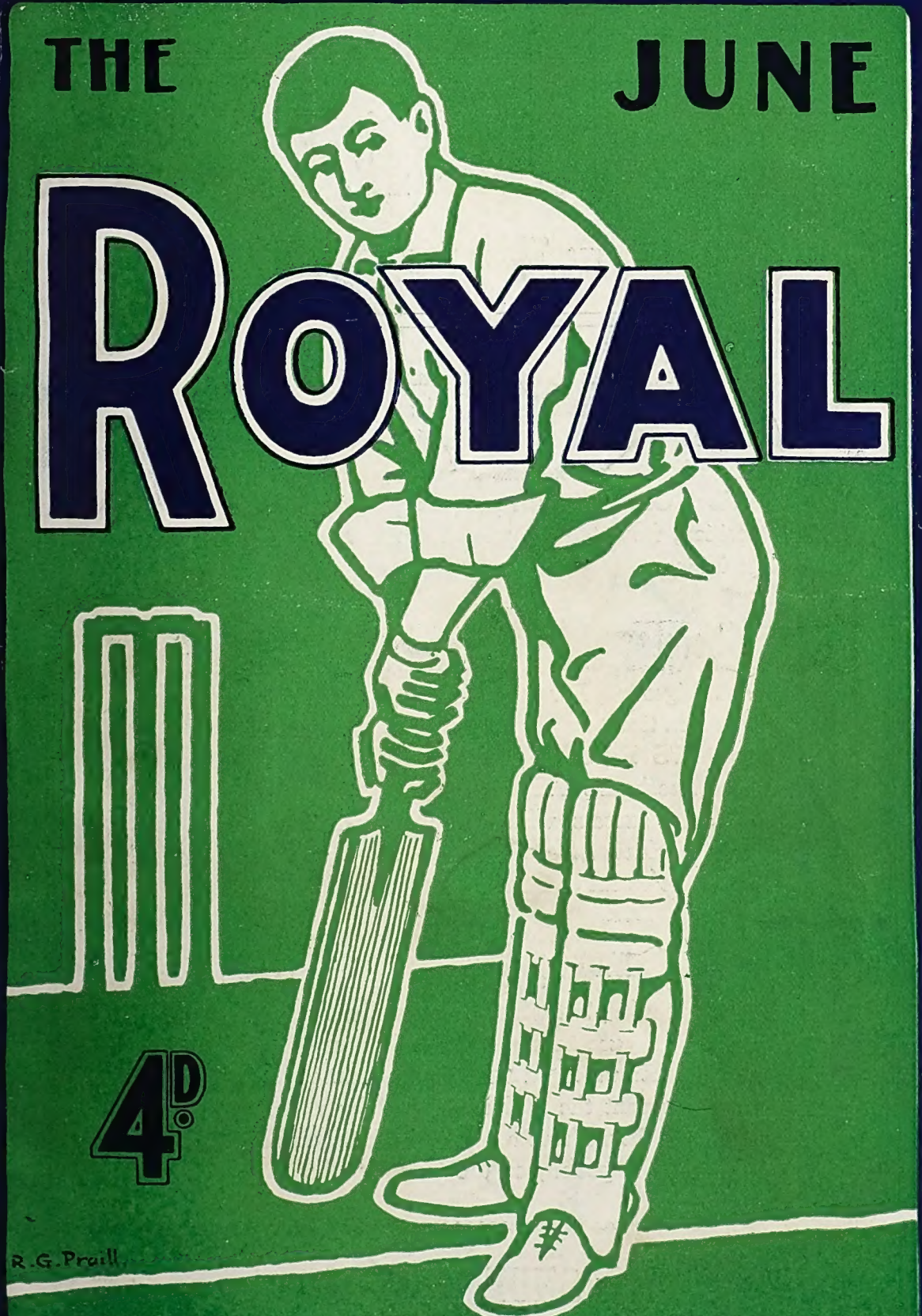
a Prize of 3/= a Day for Life (see page 119)

THE ROYAL

JUNE



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R.G. Praill

C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD, HENRIETTA ST, LONDON, W.C.

THE CORONATION

Preliminary Warning and Advice.

Whereas, it being a matter of common knowledge that numbers of the King's loyal subjects are, at this time, suffering from divers complaints and disorders, and that, unless steps are taken to combat and cure these ailments, CROWDS OF PEOPLE will be prevented, by reason of indisposition, from taking part in the Coronation ceremonials and festivities.

Now Therefore this notice is issued in order that all persons suffering from Biliousness, Sick-Headache, Impaired Digestion, Liver or Kidney troubles may not omit, wisely and in time, to profit by that most excellent remedy—BEECHAM'S PILLS. The benefits to be derived from a course of Beecham's Pills cannot be over-estimated, and the extraordinary success which this unrivalled medicine has everywhere achieved for upwards of fifty-seven years is proof positive of the worth of these pills.

And Furthermore it cannot be too well known and remembered that BEECHAM'S PILLS not only give relief, but when persevered with effect a complete and permanent cure in cases of the diseases above referred to. They also, when taken on the first appearance of disagreeable symptoms, prevent the said complaints from arising. Let no one, therefore, be without a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS in the bedroom, the pocket, or the travelling bag.

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GOD SAVE THE KING.

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THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to All.—Tennyson.

"Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE."—*Ruskin.*

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE and you CREATE for the World A DESTINY more SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY.—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN,
THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Is Health-giving, Purifying, Soothing, Cooling, Refreshing and Invigorating, and will be found a Natural, Simple and Effective Remedy for

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.—"You may be interested to know that I have used 'FRUIT SALT' for more than fifteen years, and it is the only medicine I need. It was ordered for me by a most eminent Physician, and I have recommended it to very many from time to time.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) Rev. —— (September 20, 1900)."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Disordered or Feverish Condition is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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THAT OLD GARMENT WON'T DO.

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JOHN NOBLE Ltd.,

SUPPLY DIRECT TO THE WEARER

and provide the Best Value that money can buy.

PATTERNS POST FREE
of the JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE and COSTUME COATING.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH
of either cloth (6yd. 22in. wide) for 7/6; carriage, 6d.
COLOURS: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

Model 1113.
Child's Sailor Dress in **J. N. Serge** or **Coating**, trimmed Russian Braid. Collar in Crimson and Cream.

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21	24	27	30	33	36 ins.
10/6	11/9	13/-	14/6	16/-	17/6 ea.

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Model 1119.
An elegant **Russian Coat** and latest **Flounced Skirt**, carried out in **J. N. Cheviot Serge** or **Costume Coating**, with Collar and Revers prettily embroidered. Price **12/9** complete. Carriage 6d. Jap Silk Chemisette, as sketch, **2/6**; postage 2d.

Model 1043.
Smartly **Tailored Coat** and **Skirt** in the new **Herring-bone Tweed** — Grey, Blue, Green and Fawn effects. Price complete, **10/6**. Also in J. N. Serge and Costume Coating at **12/9**; carriage 6d. extra.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.,
44, BROOK STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER

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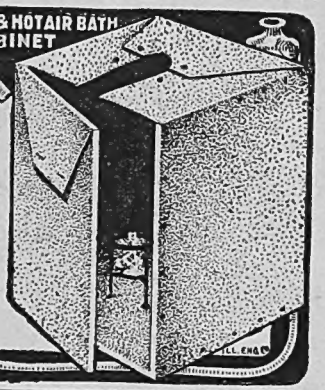
VAPOR & HOT AIR BATH CABINET



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Sold everywhere. A Large Sample Packet sent Post Free 8 penny stamps.

J. Mackintosh Ld., The Toffee Mills, Halifax. Wholesale Dealers should stock this Toffee as it sells at sight.

Do your Dyeing at home.

It costs little, and you get quicker and better results than New Style Old Style by sending to dyers, if you use

MAYPOLE SOAP

which is simple to handle and Dyes BLACK or ANY COLOUR, Fast, Permanent, and Beautiful.

ANY COLOUR, 4d. A CAKE. BLACK, 6d.

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Costs from £5 to £10.

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We send you the watch at once on sale or return, simply on receipt of your word.

If you do not find it the greatest watch bargain ever offered, and superior to those sold at 20s. each by others as

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return it. Otherwise sell it at the reduced price of 10s. and receive the above magnificent Clock, carriage paid, for your trouble. These clocks are genuine wall clocks, keep perfect time, and have the latest improved *semi-automatic* movement, winding without key. We are giving away these valuable clocks to quickly introduce our "Coronation" Watches. Write to-day, as this offer may not appear again.

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184, Oxford Street, London.

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HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road);

60 & 61, GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN; 75, UNION STREET, RYDE.

SPECIAL OFFER of the WHOLE of the LONDON STOCK of Messrs. JENKINS & TIMM, of Sheffield,

Silversmiths and Electro-Plate Manufacturers,

TOGETHER WITH THE

SURPLUS STOCKS of Two High-Class Birmingham Electro-Plate Manufacturers.

Amongst the Stocks offered are

	Usual Price.	Offered at.
160 doz. Fiddle and Old English pattern Table Forks	35/- doz ...	16/6 doz.
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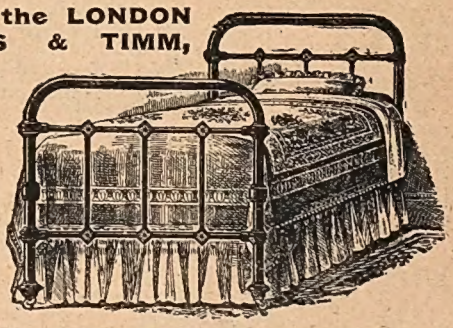
210 doz. Fiddle and Old English pattern Dessert Spoons	26/- ,, ...	12/6 ,,
78 doz. Fiddle and Old English pattern Tea Spoons ..	15/- ,, ...	6 6 ,,
21 doz. Fiddle and Old English pattern Egg, Mustard, and Salt Spoons	17/6 ,, ...	8/6 ,,
30 Gravy Spoons	6/6 each...	3/- each
38 pairs Sugar Tongs	2/9 pair ...	1/3 pair
52 Sauce Ladles	3/- each...	1/6 each

The stock also includes Fish Knives and Forks, Dessert Knives and Forks, Meat Carvers, Table Cruets, Entrée Dishes, Hot Water, Breakfast Dishes, &c., and all of the best qualities, heavily silver plated on hard white Nickel Silver.



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3ft. wide by 6ft. 6in. long,	21/-	4/6 extra.
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have stood the test of public opinion for 10 years against all comers. No finer pen can be made than our

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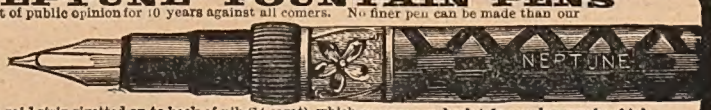

This pen has an under-feed and a gold strip rivetted on to back of nib (14-carat), which ensures and **absolutely regular supply of ink.** Send a steel nib that you use, with postal orders for **16/6,** and we will guarantee to suit you or refund money in full.

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Infants fed on the "ALLENBURYS" FOODS are saved from many of the digestive troubles and other disorders so common to hand-fed infants. *Write for Pamphlet.*

MILK FOOD No. 1. From birth to three months.

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Shakespeare

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BRITISH **Manufacture throughout** and **NOT** a foreign-made movement in English Cases.

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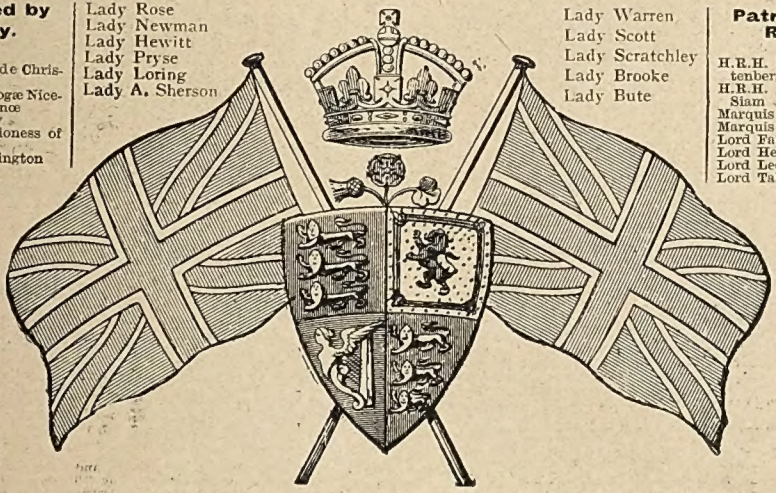

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HEARTH-RUGS

(Registered),
6ft. by 3ft., **2/-** each.
Postage 6d. extra.

SPECIAL OFFER—
3 for **5/9**, 6 for **11/3**, 12 for **22/-**

RICH VELVET PILE

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6ft. by 3ft., **5/6** each.
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3 for **16/-**, 6 for **31/-**

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

CARPETS Regd.

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

ADMITTEDLY the CHEAPEST in the WORLD.

Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

REDUCED SALE PRICES.

6 ft. by 6 ft.	4/11	9 ft. by 13½ft.	16/6
6 ft. by 7½ft.	6/-	10½ft. by 12 ft.	18/-
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8 ft. by 9 ft.	9/-	12 ft. by 12 ft.	21/-
9 ft. by 12 ft.	10/6	12 ft. by 13½ft.	22/-
9 ft. by 9 ft.	11/-	12 ft. by 15 ft.	25/6
9 ft. by 10½ft.	13/6	12 ft. by 18 ft.	30/-
9 ft. by 12 ft.	15/-	12 ft. by 21 ft.	35/6

Black Mount, Tyndrum, N.B November 24th.
Lord Breadalbane writes:—"Will feel obliged by Mr. Hodgson sending to above address two more of the 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9ft. by 10½ ft. Cheque £2 1s. 6d. enclosed."

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Extraordinarily Heavy, very best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra-Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest Colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years, and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):

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6 ft. by 9 ft.	18/-	11ft. by 12 ft.	47/-
7½ft. by 9 ft.	23/-	12ft. by 13½ft.	59/-
9 ft. by 9 ft.	28/-	12ft. by 16 ft.	69/-
9 ft. by 10½ft.	33/-	12ft. by 18 ft.	77/-

VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.

When ordering please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.
Also **Rich Velvet Pile Stair Carpets**, bordered to match. 18in. wide, **1/8** per yard; 22½in. wide, **2/-** per yard; 27in. wide, **2/3** per yard.

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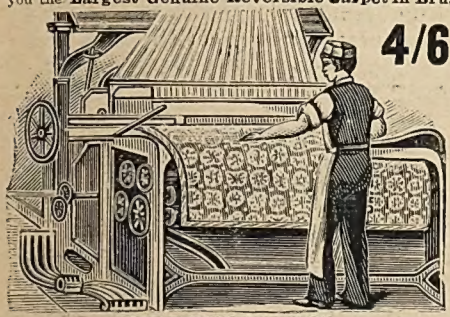
To readers of "The Royal Magazine," 1/6/1902, on receipt of Postal Order or stamps, value 4/6 (Regd.), we will send you the **Largest Genuine Reversible Carpet in Brussels Finish, with Rug,** ever sold at the Price, direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember, these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.



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SPECIAL OFFER.—2 Carpets & 2 Rugs, 8s.

THE PRUDENTIAL

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS (Regd.)

Admittedly the Marvel of the Age.

Woven and Reversible, Rich Brussels and Turkey Patterns and Colourings superior quality, with handsome Border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty. These Carpets are superb imitations of real Brussels, and, except by the closest scrutiny, the difference cannot be detected.

REDUCED SALE PRICES.

6 ft. by 6 ft.	2/11 each.	10½ft. by 12 ft.	11/6 each
6 ft. by 7½ft.	3/11 ,,	9 ft. by 15 ft.	12/6 ,,
6 ft. by 9 ft.	4/9 ,,	12 ft. by 12 ft.	12/9 ,,
7½ft. by 9 ft.	5/11 ,,	12 ft. by 13½ft.	14/6 ,,
9 ft. by 9 ft.	7/6 ,,	12 ft. by 15 ft.	15/9 ,,
9 ft. by 10½ft.	8/6 ,,	12 ft. by 18 ft.	19/6 ,,
9 ft. by 12 ft.	9/6 ,,	12 ft. by 21 ft.	22/6 ,,

A PRUDENTIAL Brusselette Hearthrug (Regd.) **to match above Carpets sent for 1/6 extra, size 2yds. long and 1yd. wide. SPECIAL OFFER—3 Hearthrugs for 4/3, or 6 for 8/-. Sterling Value.**

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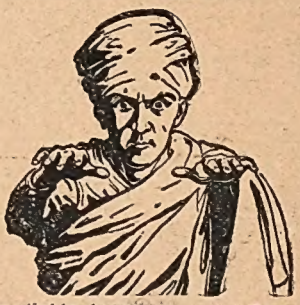

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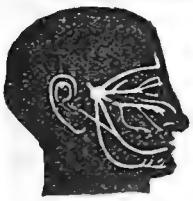

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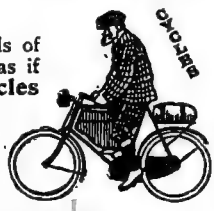

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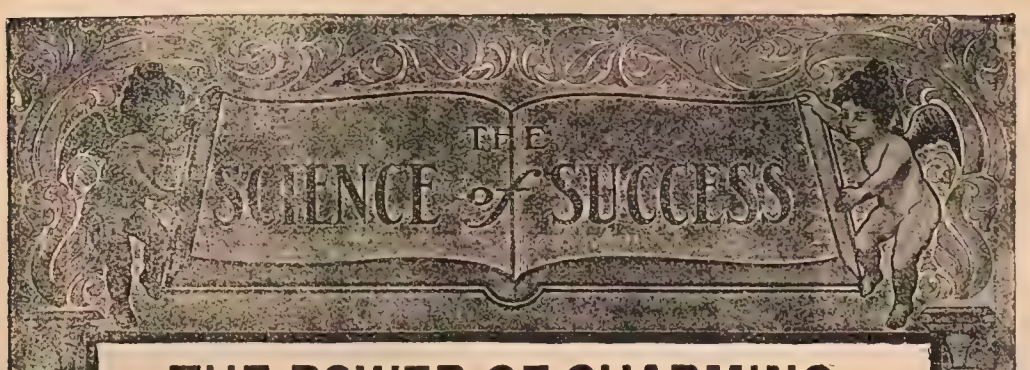

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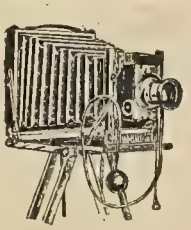

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HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, by Mrs. Panton.
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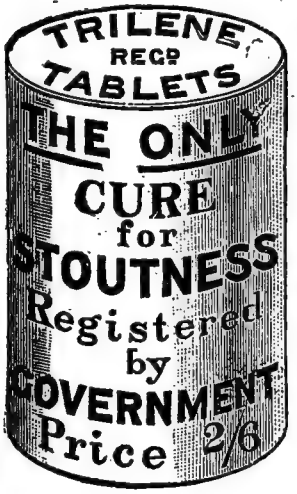

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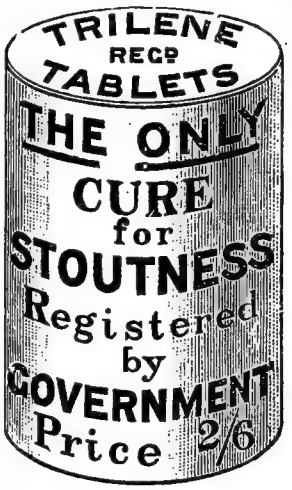

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

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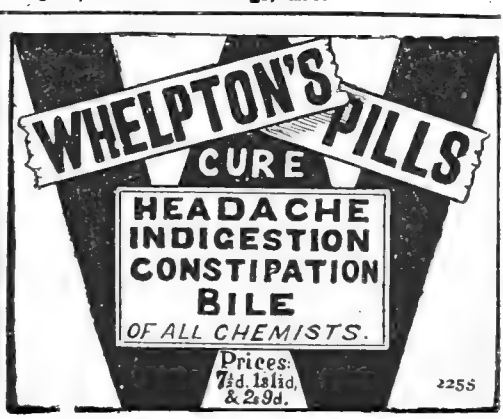

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Roaring in frenzy, the older bull upreared, wavered, and crashed backward.

(see page 100)

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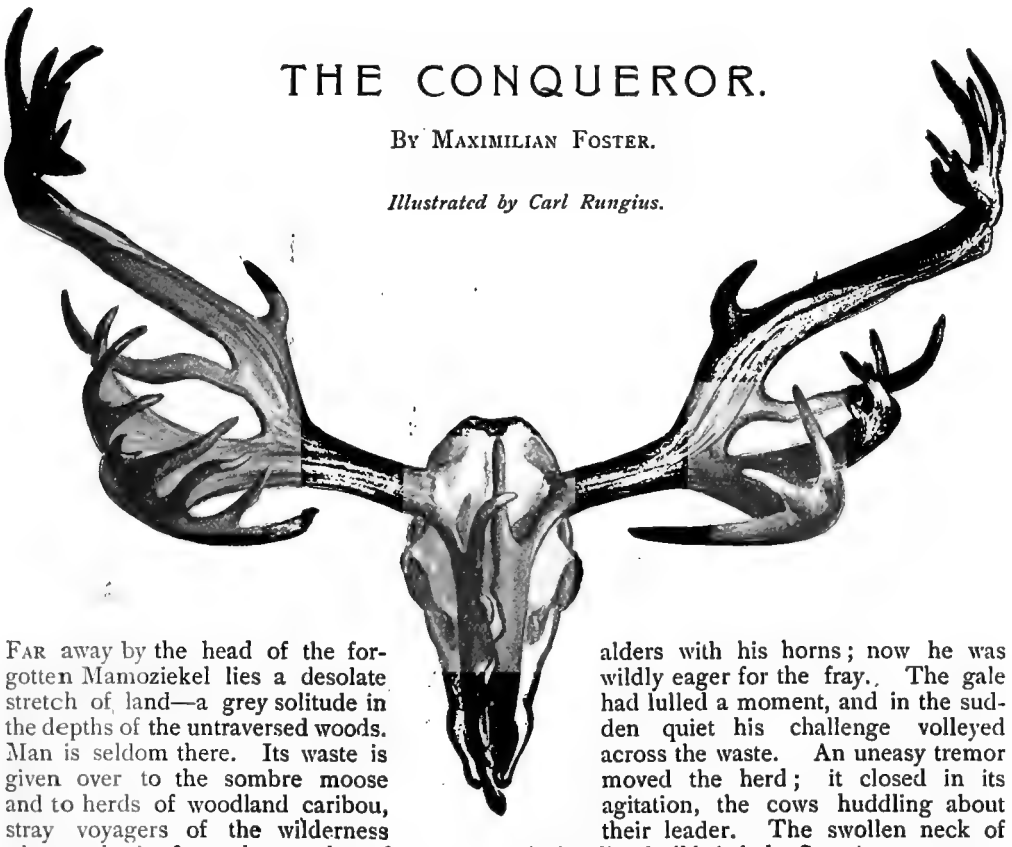
THE CONQUEROR.

By Maximilian Foster.

Illustrated by Carl Rungius.



Far away by the head of the forgotten Mamoziekel lies a desolate stretch of land—a grey solitude in the depths of the untraversed woods. Man is seldom there. Its waste is given over to the sombre moose and to herds of woodland caribou, stray voyagers of the wilderness who track in from the north and go unchallenged across its breadth.

There came a wind from the north. It drew down the flank of the mountains, covering the landscape with a pall of flying vapour, roared a moment on the forest-edge, and swept across the waste. Night was falling. The last daylight glimmered in the west, and hastening clouds streaked the horizon in the van of the coming storm.

On the brink of the black pool at the centre of the waste stood a herd of caribou, their heads uplifted, staring. A moment before there had been peace—quietly feeding, they had straggled across the bog. But now battle was in the air. On the flank of the band stood the leading bull—a great, white-maned creature, grey on the flanks, whose crowning antlers upreared over the cows like a guarding weapon. Beyond him stood the challenger, once tolerated in the herd, but now bawling defiance at the leader. They were sire and son. Across the shoulders of each ran a broad white band, an unusual marking among the caribou.

All day the younger had been beating the alders with his horns; now he was wildly eager for the fray. The gale had lulled a moment, and in the sudden quiet his challenge volleyed across the waste. An uneasy tremor moved the herd; it closed in its agitation, the cows huddling about their leader. The swollen neck of the herding bull bristled. Snorting an answer, he breasted the cows aside, his call of war ringing clear across the gathering night. Pawing the sodden earth, he pushed forward. After years of mastery should his sway be now disputed?

Roaring, they crashed together. With a ringing stroke their antlers met, and, heads down, they wrestled across the mossy flooring of the bog. Their breaths whistled stridently, and the ground thudded beneath their quick-flying strokes. Night resounded with the clang of horn on horn. Nervously the cows looked on, or, again, in the lulls of the combat, stamped the bog. Sometimes they trotted to and fro along the flanks of the combat; sometimes they lowed their staccato complaint urging on the fighters.

Weakness fell upon the elder bull, long time master of the herd. He felt his power slipping from him. Conqueror in half a hundred battles, he was himself to taste the bitterness of defeat. Against his stout antagonist, whose thews and sinews were an inheritance from himself, his stand was short. His breath failed, and his voice gasped

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Pawing the sodden earth, he pushed forward.

in agony as it whistled from his lungs. The younger bull plied on with added fierceness, hurling his bulk against the swaying head—striking, stabbing as he would. Roaring in frenzy, the older bull upreared, wavered, and crashed backward as the other goaded him with piercing antlers. A moment he lay inert, then, tottering to his feet, he fled, his implacable enemy following, driving him from the place.

A sudden gust swept again across the waste, and the wind hummed among the alders like a sound of gales upon the sea. The cows had wandered on, and, with backs to the gusts, were feeding before the storm, indifferent now to the outcome of the fray. They had passed the pond hole, when across the bog came a rattle of hoofs clicking like a dancer's castanets. They threw up their heads and snuffed the air. Then they faced the storm, and out of the blinding rain-sheets came the conqueror, his neck still ruffled and his eyes still red from rage. He called once, they answered softly, and they were gone together—fleeting spectres vanishing into the gloom. It was but the way of Nature—the survival of the fittest.

* * * *

With the deepening of the snows, the battling rage of the bull died out. Yet he still held sway over the herd, leading it proudly from range to range. Their old leader was gone—exiled, an outcast. Together the band tracked the wilderness—here one day and gone the next, yet ever returning to the big waste of the Mamoziekel where the battle had been held. In broad daylight they kept to the open country, for their lord was not the usual caribou bull, who skulks halting through the bushes. His craft seemed infallible, his nose keen to detect danger in the wind. So he led bravely.

Through the long winter they hovered about the waste. Sometimes, after a heavy wind, they voyaged through the forest to feed

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on the lichens blown down with broken limbs and tree-tops, but in the deep snow their usual food was the moss on the big waste. In its centre were no drifts, and they pawed away the white covering and fed upon the food beneath. Still wind and weather told. Before the new year had come, their coats were growing streaky yellow, and the hair long and heavy.

The bull no longer wore his crest with pride. It seemed a useless burden. He faced the wind with a lowered head, and about the bases of his horns crept an itching soreness. As he straggled into the dismal, distorted depths of a cedar swamp, he struck his antlers against a tree, and one antler dropped to the ground. Then he forged along, lop-eared and lop-headed, a most dejected-looking royalty—for all like a tipsy princeling with coronet askew.

But a day later he revived; the other horn followed its mate, and relieving him of the uneven burden, he skipped across the waste at an eager pace, the snow flying in clouds under his cracking hoofs. The cows followed, and, working to the northward, he crossed the wooded valley, swung up over the ridges, and bore away to Nictau. Through the forest they kept their unbroken gait, their broad hoofs carrying them gallantly over the snow-drifts, and, at length, burst forth on the surface of the lake. The sun shone, the air was crisp and invigorating. Like kittens they gambolled up and down the broad expanse. At night they fed in the black swamp at the eastward, and with the rising of the moon, filed again across the ice, bound for a far away range on the headwaters of the Sisson branch.

The winter passed, and after all the wandering the herd returned once more to the big waste, and in a thick swamp just at its head cast themselves down to settle for the season.

Domestic affairs occupied their time. The bull's horns had just sprouted, when a heavy cow bore into the world a little awkward stranger. It was an uncouth little creature, indeed. Its feet seemed out of all proportion; it was knock-kneed and hardly bigger than a dog. The bull gazed at the calf—the clumsy, spindle-legged creature—and sniffed as if in scorn. But still the calf was big—a bull, and, like its sire, curiously marked with the band of white across its withers. It shuffled loosely to its knees as he bent over it, and the cow, reaching forth, steadied it with her head until it stood, with legs far apart, for the first time on its feet.

Seemingly, the calf gave little concern to the bull, for the surly leader had troubles of his own. His head was swollen about the roots of the growing horns, and all his attention was required to pick a painless way for himself through the forest arches; moreover, the flies had come with the first warm weather; life was hardly worth living when the flies grew attentive, and there was no peace outside a lake or a swamp. Two pads of velvet on the side of his head showed where the new antlers were sprouting, and as they pushed forth he scratched them delicately with the point of his hoof. They were sore—very sore, indeed—and he moved about in moody dignity.

When the weather grew warm in earnest and the calf was able to frisk about with his fellows, the herd's longing took them tripping from one lake to another. In the clear, cool water they swam and wallowed. Sometimes they fed on the water grasses, but their main food was still lichens.

During the day they clung to the heart of the deepest swamps, and at night tracked the shore of the black ponds. There was one mud-pit in an opening on the ridges which they often favoured, and here the bull, his cows and the calves, would wallow in pure delight. It was a grand life, and they waxed fat and happy.

One warm afternoon, just after the last snow had vanished from the hollows under the hills, the herd bore down the slopes of Bald Mountain, and swung away towards Bathurst. When they reached the plain the great bull paused and threw up his head. A faint breeze strayed about the valley, and, as a cross-current swept overhead, the bull caught a warning scent—the rank taint that betrayed the presence of a foe. He sniffed heavily, his nose wrinkling as he sought another gust, and was just tentatively stepping onward, when there was a resounding crash in the bush.

A black form hurled itself upon him. He saw the creature jump—a great hulk of fur—saw its distended jaws and horrid shape. One instant he stood appalled, then with a violent thrill he leaped aside. It was a bear, a lean, ravenous creature, not long from its winter den, and wild with hunger. As the bull jumped the bear shot by, missed its stroke, but by chance gashed a cow cruelly along the shoulder. She was a big one, an anomaly that boasted a small set of horns.

Bawling with fear, she wheeled and fled, a flap of skin hanging from her shoulder, and blood streaming along the brown fur. Crashing forward with frantic jumps the herd fled from the perilous neighbourhood, and

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once free from the peril, dropped into their swinging trot, while from the rear came the bear's long-drawn howl of disappointment.

As they clattered along the back-trail fresh disaster awaited. Beyond the spur of the ridge, they crossed down toward the lake, and were clattering along the game-trail at its edge, when the cows halted abruptly, spun about, and fled, the calves shambling at their heels. The bull stopped in wonder, he tried the air, and scented a strong, pungent odour —saw a wisp of blue smoke crawling over the tree-tops, and, for the first time in his life, beheld a man.

Cautiously he drew near, vainly trying for a scent. He saw the figure at the fire start up, and then a ripping crash thundered through the forest. The bull jumped. He did not know he had been fired on, and in mild curiosity skipped through the bush and circled the camp. There a sudden suspicion seized him; he plunged about, and in a long, swinging stride fled on the trail of the cows.

The cows and calves were ambling along the open path, still nervous with vague terrors. They had escaped so far, but what was in store? The bull took his place at their head, resolved that peace and quiet must be sought far away from here. As they dipped down over the crest of the ridge, and neared an abandoned beaver-meadow, he swung away, mindful of his horns, from under a leaning tree-trunk that had all the semblance of a windfall. But the cows kept straight on. Crash! The tree trunk fell thunderously, filling the silent forest with re-echoing noises. The bull leaped as if struck. Beneath the heavy tree lay the leading cow, her back broken, writhing in a last mortal effort. She had walked into the trap, sprung the trigger, and the trunk had slain her, as its builders had devised. They were the poachers in camp on the lake —bear hunters—and this was their method of baiting for Bruin.

The bull circled about the dying cow, powerless to aid. He sniffed the air and hung over his stricken mate, trotting to and fro with futile energy. A gust stirred the tree-tops, and, whirling along the ridge, breathed upon him. Snorting anew, he threw up his head and looked. He saw two figures running swiftly along the trail, saw them stoop and point forward, and once more the forest resounded with the rifle's deafening noise.

The herd broke and ran in every direction, leaving him there alone. Once more there was a loud report, a gush of flame—the man had fired and missed again. But as the lead stirred the hair on the bull's shoulders, he shook himself together from this mad fascination and fled away from the direful place, and left the cow heaving in convulsions of death upon the forest floor.

The herd was gone, and he was a wanderer alone. He followed to the north, searching far and wide. He tried the unknown wastes under the flank of Bald Mountain, searched the edge of the long ridges, and circled the headwaters of the Mamoziekel. But they were gone, he knew not where. Alone and weary, he kept up the days of hopeless pursuit, and felt the summer gradually slip by.

* * * * *

They told in the settlements of a caribou bull—a mighty straggler from the herds —bigger than any man had ever seen before. He was prowling along the great range westward of Nictau, and twice, they knew, he had been fired upon. Once blood had been drawn, but the men on the trail were no match in speed or stamina for this solitary one, and had given up the chase after weary miles, convinced that the wound was slight. His antlers were a marvel; they spread like the brown roots of a helmlock windfall, and down the centre of his nose ran a brow-palm, as big and broad, almost, as the shovel of a moose. Vainly they sought for a nearer shot; but his craft baffled them. At the first suggestion of danger he was gone, vanishing like a spectre.

Fear had taught its lesson to the big bull. He had renounced his first swaggering indifference, and now skulked and treaded as timorously as any creature of the wilds. He followed the wind keenly, and on the rising ridges looked over for possible foes before revealing himself. He no longer swam the ponds in daylight, and rarely moved except at night. But among the caribou he was still master. He fought wherever he went, and never ceased to search for the lost herd; but the snows came again and he had not found it. Sometimes he forgot his terrors and ran through the forest, pausing upon the ridges to roar a challenge or a call. But it was of no avail, and at last, in a sudden access of fury, he fell upon the leader of a passing herd, beat him down, and, victorious, thrust his companionship upon the cows.

Year after year he kept on; his rage was masterful. He harried and abused and drove from the hills the bulls that sought to withstand him. He rounded his cows about roughly, hectoring them at every turn. Every Spring he fell in a fury upon the yearlings, driving them from the herd. Per-

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haps he was in mind of how he himself had come into power over his own sire. In this warfare he wandered far from the wastes of the Mamoziekel, carrying dismay before him. Yet in his heart there was ever a longing, a desire to return and once more be with the lost herd, to go back to the place of his birth, as every caribou goes.

Years passed and he grew old; his horns had increased in size and strength while his vigour held, but now that age was coming he noted a difference. At last one autumn found him with diminishing weapons; still, he felt no relaxing of his ugly humours, no weakening of his might. He held his sway unchecked, and when other bulls came up against him, he forced the conflict to a swift and powerful climax.

His fear of men had become a second nature. He steered wide of ranges where he had heard the rifle speak doom to other caribou. Nor did he relax his vigilance, like the other bulls, when law forbids the shooting. He took no chances, and so survived. Then one day the fit to wander homeward fell upon him. He leaped to his feet, and roared. The cows arose, and, at the sound, another bull came challenging up the slope of the ridges. He was big, and the battle waxed furious. At its height, still another bull, an interloper, stole in and drove away the cows.

Thus, when the conflict ended, and the challenging bull had been driven crashing through the thickets, he again found himself alone. He stood for a while and called. But there was no answer, no clatter of the bush betokening their return. Darkness fell upon the forest, and turning his head southward, he sped away, homeward—back to the black headwaters of the Mamoziekel and the big wastes that still lay unchanged, to the forest where axe never sounded nor rifle spoke. Hope sprang high in his heart—the lost herd would be found.

* * * * *

Into this wild came, the day after, a man. He had followed the long valley of the stream that runs into Nictau, steering his course along the ridges that back up the southern slope of Bald Mountain. He pushed out upon the waste, and halted, studying the track that marked the black ooze of the quagmire. Presently he stooped, with wide eyes studying one great track that was punctuated with the hoof-marks of trafficking herds. The slot was big and broad, more than a hand's breadth across, and, with the twin dots of the accessory hoofs, almost as long. Rising, he sped along, studying the ground.

Overhead, a skim of dull vapour cast across the zenith, and the wind, moaning fitfully among the tall spires of the pines and spruce, betokened the approach of snow. Abruptly the man turned aside from the trail, plunged into the edge of the forest, and threw down his pack. Pushing aside the bush he crouched there, his rifle ready.

In a thicket farther up the bog lay the big bull. Here in this retreat he was nursing the wounds of battle—stiff and sore, and ugly.

A twig cracked on the hillside. His neck bristled, and he heaved himself to his feet. Across the open he saw a cow steal to the edge of the woods and peep forth. Another followed, then came a pair of skipping calves and two more cows, one a shoulder-scarred creature with small horns. A tremor seized him. He saw the familiar forms, the grey figures of old, the calves band-streaked across the withers—the lost herd! He pushed from the thicket, calling madly, and at the same moment another bull stepped into the open in the train of the advancing cows.

Across the shoulders of the newcomer was the same distinctive mark. His own memory went back to the day when this great, gallant creature was but a weakling come into the world in this same swamp. And now it had grown to this proud estate! Year after year it had clung to the herd. As a yearling it had been tolerated by the usurper who had found the stray herd when they lost their leader in the disaster of the trap. But with its second year and its first long spikes it had been browbeaten, pushed, and driven about.

Still, it kept by the same little family. Again, in the third year, it had fought and failed; but in the fourth it arose, mighty in strength, well armed and headed, and, falling upon the bullying lord of the herd, drove him forth, stricken and cowed.

At a sharp trot the band moved down the wind. Forward stepped the old bull. His head was uplifted with its still mighty crest, and there was a new fire in his eye. He gazed at the cows and at their leader. He stretched his throat and called anew, and, at the racketing call, they halted in their tracks.

The younger bull stopped—stamping. The hair on his neck ruffled. He spread his feet, and bellowed a challenge. Who was this come to dispute his sway? His petulant hoof pawed the earth, and gutturally he gave the call of war.

The sound rang down the waste, stirring

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High into the air leaped the conquering bull.

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the man crouching in the thicket. At the challenge the old bull tossed his antlers. Before he had never hesitated; but now he did not rush in to battle. Old memories, perhaps, were in his mind, and in his heart peace. But the challenge was renewed; the other was advancing. With lowered head the younger bull stepped along, fire in his eyes.

They advanced, the old bull half temporising. He called plaintively, but the other took no notice of the appeal. Nearer he came—nearer and nearer, and the man, crouching in the thicket, cocked his rifle, waiting.

A sudden scurry of hoofs beat upon the bog. With a frenzied effort the younger bull burst upon the other. The big one fell back, unwilling for combat, but once more the young one charged. Startled, the old bull recoiled again, and the younger, breaking through his guard, stabbed him on the flank.

A pang ran through the old caribou's nerves, and a roar escaped him. He forgot all softer feelings, for his wrath was at last aroused. Once more the blood ran hotly through his veins, and he turned upon his antagonist, mad for the fight.

Their heads shocked together, and the forest threw back the sound in clattering echoes. The torn and trampled moss flew about and blood-streaked froth flecked the combatants' heaving shoulders. Again they lunged, the antlers locked—one striving for mastery, the other—knowing it—for life. Once the old bull was forced back upon his haunches, and was all but lost. By a mighty effort he writhed free and recovered. Then he whirled upon the other, and strove to beat down his crest. He was sublime, yet he failed, and terror choked him.

A flurry of snow sped across the bog, the first snow of the year; it wheeled across the landscape for an instant, blotting out the fray. The man crouching in the thicket drew a hand across his eyes, almost appalled at the fierceness of this strife. Slipping out upon the waste he crawled toward them.

The younger bull drew on. With unabated strength he beat and battered at the swaying antlers of his adversary. His rage was direful. The cows, trotting up and down the arena, called piteously, yet the strife went on. At last, with an overwhelming effort, the younger bull drove upon the other; he hunched his shoulders, struck with destroying force, and as the old bull staggered for an instant, half-reared, and turned aside, he struck still again another mighty blow. Down went the old bull, pierced to the vitals. He struggled once to his knees, turned with a despairing call to the cows, and died.

Back from the forest blew the wind, laden with a terrifying taint. One breath of it sent the cows streaming in every direction. But the conqueror gave no heed. He stood over the dead, lifted his crest, and gave the call. Blood and froth flecked his white mane; the steam hissed from his nostrils.

A moment's silence, then from down the bog streamed a spear of flame. The hills threw back the thundering echoes. Again a shot! High into the air leaped the conquering bull, and fell, in the throes of death, across the form of his sire.

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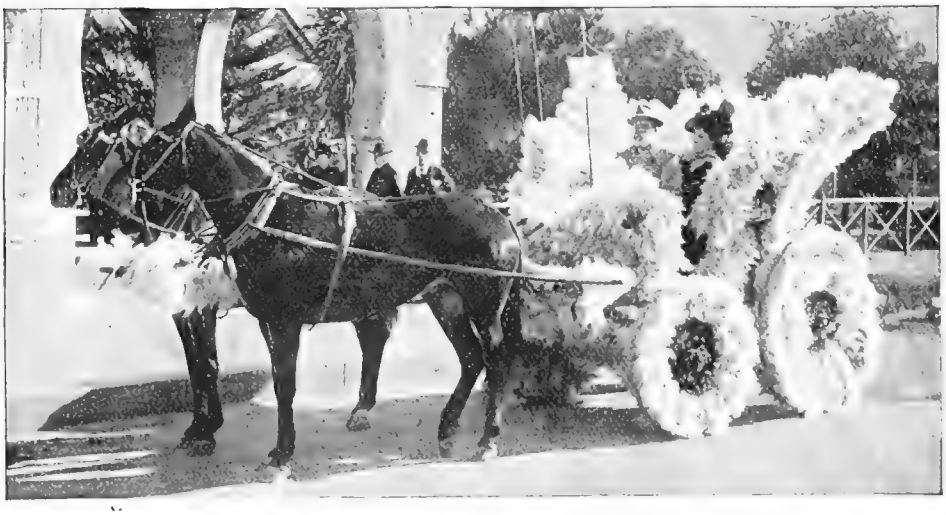
FEASTS OF FLOWERS



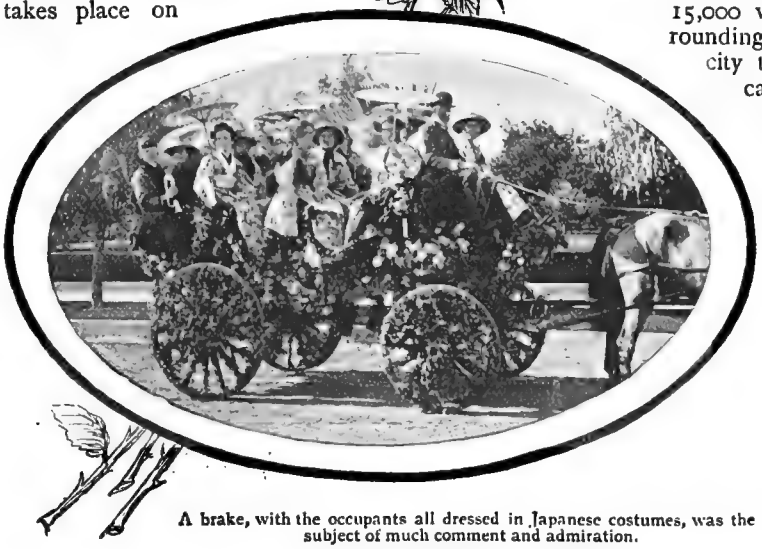
This carriage is covered with pampas grass, and took two ladies and three men a whole day to prepare.

The Floral Pageants of the Riviera Surpassed by California.

By Harold Shepstone.

The floral fêtes of California have long surpassed in splendour the famous carnivals of Nice. One of the most interesting is the annual Tournament of Roses which takes place on the first day of January in Pasadena.

For thirteen years the first of January has been one of gaiety and mirth in this Pacific paradise. From 10,000 to 15,000 visitors from the surrounding towns pour into the city to witness the yearly carnival. It is a parade of six-horse coaches, pony equipages, carriages, equestrians and bicycles, beautifully and elaborately decorated with tens of thousands of flowers, many of them with designs representing some historic period or event. In addition to the festival the rose-scented air, the prodigious wealth of flowers



A brake, with the occupants all dressed in Japanese costumes, was the subject of much comment and admiration.

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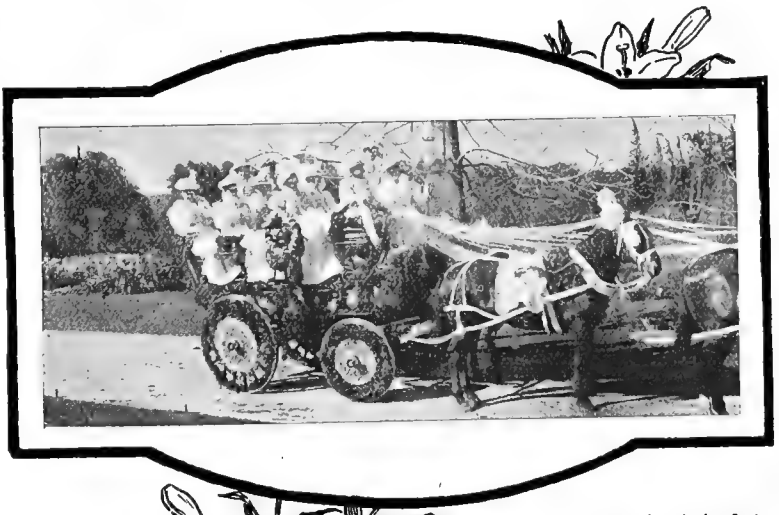
and fruit, the wide, spacious avenues, with their tastefully laid out gardens, make the trip to the city one not easily forgotten.

The carnival is under the control of the Tournament Association, a body composed of wealthy and influential business men of the town, who superintend and make the necessary arrangements for the great yearly event.

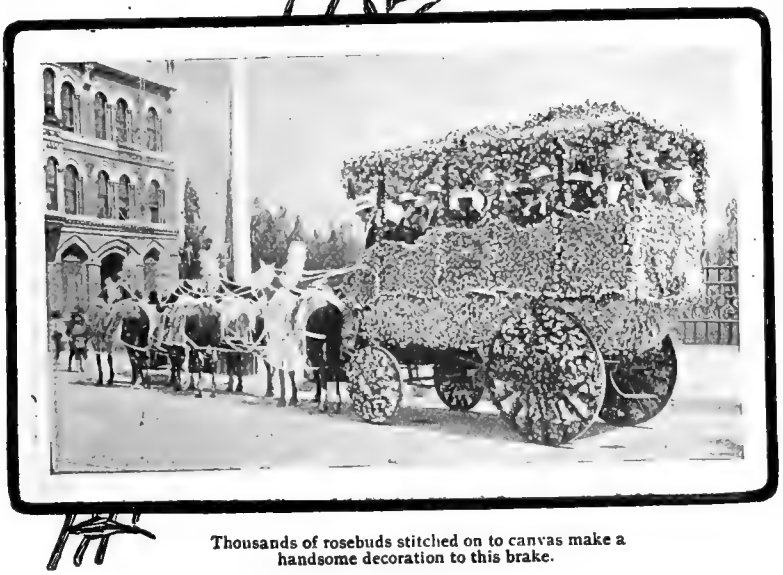
One vehicle decorated with pampas grass occupied the services of three men and two ladies the whole of one day before its decorations were complete. This plant is extensively cultivated in this part of the world. A pampas grass plantation is a wonderful sight. There is nothing of a corresponding character in horticulture that will equal in stately magnificence, in unblemished purity and grace, the imposing spectacle of a pampas field in full plume.



This six-in-hand took the first prize at the Pasedena floral fête.

Scores of tall plumes were placed at the back of the carriage, literally enveloping its two occupants in an immense fleece-like mantle of waving plumes. The wheels were the next to receive attention. The axles were covered with smilax, making a charming relief. Dozens of plumes were cut to decorate the spokes, until the whole was one mass of white grass.

An artistically decorated brake earned much applause in a recent tournament. It was decorated with all kinds of flowers. But what attracted particular attention was the Oriental dress of



Thousands of rosebuds stitched on to canvas make a handsome decoration to this brake.

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A ranchman with his saddle and cloak a mass of lovely flowers.

the occupants. The gentlemen wore bright-coloured gowns and Burmese hats. The ladies were attired in loose-fitting coloured garments drawn in at the waist with a sash. They wore no hats, their hair being freely decked with flowers.

In one hand they held their Japanese parasols, and in the other carried their fans. A youth, dressed in Chinese court costume, made a fitting footman behind.

On the festive morn all the ladies of Pasadena turn out dressed completely in white. The magnificent climate and beautiful warm sunshine favours such a costume.

A six-in-hand was literally hidden from view under geraniums, carnations, and smilax. This equipage took first prize for the handsomest six-in-hand in the parade of 1897. Over 10,000 beautiful La France roses were picked to decorate one coach.

A heavy piece of duck canvas stretched around the vehicle, on which was stitched thousands and thousands of rosebuds. The effect was most charming. This coach, known as the Mount Lowe tally-ho coach, always presents a gay appearance on the first day of the year. The year before last beautiful calli lilies were the principal floral decoration. Even the ladies' parasols were covered with blooms of this glorious flower.

Many who have seen the floral festivals at Santa Barbara declare that for prettiness, beauty, and originality the carnivals of Nice must take second place. It cannot truthfully be said that the festival is an annual attraction, for Santa Barbara lacked this delightful pageant last year. But when the dwellers of this enchanted city decide to give themselves up to mirth and enjoyment, they enter into the spirit of the affair, and for four days the town presents an unusual spectacle. Its streets are covered with roses, and its vehicles are one mass of sweet-smelling flowers.

As in every other American floral pageant, there are numerous floats and decorated carriages, but it is

Two cycles supported a light wooden boat rigged with a gala of roses.

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the decidedly novel designs that make this particular festival so interesting. For instance, a ranchman, with cloak and saddle of rosebuds, was dressed entirely in white, while the reins were also of the same colour. No show would be complete without the bicycle, a bicycle ship being a fair representation of what the American cyclist is capable of doing at carnival time. In this instance two ordinary safety machines were coupled together by means of a light wooden boat, cleverly balanced between the two wheeled supports. The ship itself

The sedan chairs, their fair occupants peeping out from amongst the floral hangings, were very striking.

and its rigging were one mass of superb vari-coloured roses. The American flag, at the head of the mast, was also composed of roses of different hues, while the anchor was made of marguerites.

Perhaps one of the prettiest designs seen in a recent Santa Barbara festival was two sedan chairs. The pole-bearers were all dressed alike, and very striking they looked in their white powdered wigs and old-fashioned dress. The chairs were simply covered in roses, and as the fair occupants peeped out from among the prodigal wealth of beautiful rose blossoms they must indeed have looked liked fairies.

The pageant takes place about the middle of April. On the first of the following month, May Day is ushered in in many of the Californian cities in a manner hardly appreciated in this country. All the schools are closed and various exercises are given by the children in the public parks or squares. Golden Park, in San Francisco, presents a charming spectacle on the first day of May.

This beautiful black horse seems proud of its double burden and gay decorations.

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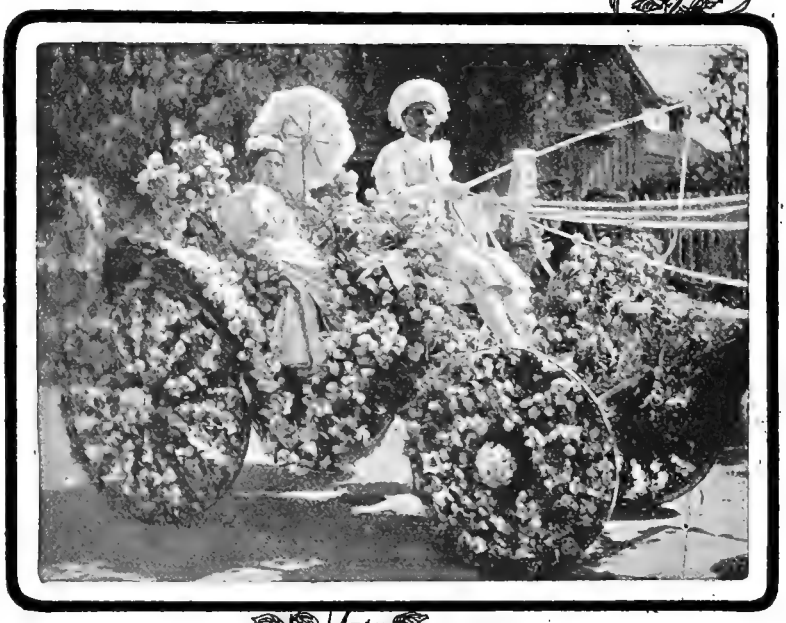
In the country towns the children ride to the scenes of festivity in decorated waggons and carts. For weeks before the eventful day the exercises are practised in the play-grounds, and on the festive occasion the little performers go through their drill with a grace and ease that always calls for applause on the part of the spectators.

No town on the east coast of America indulges in such gorgeous pageants as New Orleans. Indeed, the Mardi Gras festivities of the great "cotton city," as New Orleans is appropriately called, are unique. The carnival may be said to be composed of five distinct shows. Four of these take place at night and the other during the day.



Roses enough to stock a London florist's cover this carriage.

They are known as the processions of Nereus, Momus, Proteus, and Comus; these four magnificent pageants are to be seen in the gay town at night. The Rex procession is the only parade which may be witnessed during the day. It would be difficult, nay, unfair, to say which is the most popular of these processions. They are all as original in their get up as human intelligence can devise, the cars representing some popular theme, given in a manner that calls for the greatest admiration.

Altogether, over ninety marvellously decorated cars made up the five processions of

A gaily decorated carriage at a Kansas corn festival.

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Photo by] [Hill & Tucker.

The so-called "Liberty Bell." It is covered with thousands of white sweet peas, the darker portions being geraniums.

last year. To refer to them here in anything like detail would take up too much space.

The King makes his entrance into the town in a unique, yet appropriate, fashion. Who he is few people know until he actually arrives. Occasionally, however, it is known beforehand who has been chosen by the secret organisations to represent the King, but more often than not no one knows his identity until his arrival on the day previous to the great carnival.

The first item in the Rex parade is a magnificent ox. A fine animal is chosen every year, and after having been carried round the town it is slain. The poor beast is accompanied by five attendants with their weapons flashing in the sunshine ready to do their deadly work after the procession is over.

Photo by] [Hill.

A water wheel of flowers. Over forty thousand pink and white sweet peas have gone to the decoration of this marvellous car.

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A MARTYR TO SCIENCE

MONOLOGUE.

By Albert Spencer.

I know I don't look scientific; but I am. (*Airily.*) Microbes and all that sort of thing, you know. They're awfully interesting—when you have a professor to explain them.

I began studying the subject when I was at Aunt Lucy's. The boys were away. The girls' *fiancés* lived close by, so they were always out. The professor was always in. (*Confidentially.*) He's young for a professor, and rather nice-looking; but (*impressively*) whatever you do, don't tell him I said so.

Aunt had placed the library at his disposal for (*grandiloquently*) the prosecution of scientific researches. He is very clever in his line. I don't know what his line *is* exactly; but (*waving her hand*) it's something to do with microscopes, and glass tubes, and jars of coloured waters that smell horribly. He used to put them on the window sill to air. (*With much amusement.*) *I* used to lean out of my window, with Uncle's fishing-rod, and knock them off, when I could reach them; but (*regretfully*) he took to putting them at the far end, unfortunately.

He was very quiet when I talked to him at first. In fact, he seemed rather frightened of me. (*Laughs.*) Just fancy! He told Aunt he never knew what I should say next. As if there were anything strange in that! Why, I don't know myself very often! However, he stared at me a great deal when he thought I wasn't looking. So I decided to persevere in—er—scientific researches. (*Explanatory.*) I didn't want to talk to him, of course, only I thought I would, because—(*pauses doubtfully*)—well, because I thought I *would*. You see, there really wasn't anyone else for him to talk to, and I was afraid he might be dull (*mournfully*), like I was.

So I went into the library one morning. He was writing like this *(pretends to scribble wildly)*, and did not notice me. He had a pile of books on a chair beside him, and I just happened to touch them. (*Gives a vigorous sweep of the hand and starts*).

"Oh!" I said, "you've knocked your books down, Professor!"

"Ah!" *(Pretends to look up over spectacles.)* "Umph!"

"I've come for something that I—er——"

"That you want?"

"No. That I *don't* want!"

He looked at me as if I were some curious animal. I couldn't help laughing. Neither could he.

"Can I help you to find what you—don't want?" he asked.

"I can manage, thank you," I said with dignity. *(Pouts.)* I thought he would insist on helping, but he didn't; only sat staring at me—the great stupid! So I tip-toed to look at all the books that were out of reach. Of course he brought the steps. I pretended to overbalance just to frighten him.

"I'll hold you," he said. He did.

"It isn't really necessary," I told him.

"No," he said, "but it seems desirable." *(Looking out of the corners of her eyes.)* That

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was when I began to think—(*in confusion*)—I—I got down directly—at least *almost* directly.

"I can't find anything," I told him.

"Try this shelf." He put the steps in front of the children's books!

(*With great dignity.*) "Do you know I am nearly eighteen, Professor? I want a *big* book; on science." He smiled provokingly. I hate people who are so superior.

"What science?"

That puzzled me rather. I had no idea there were several kinds of it!

"About things that you mix together," I explained, "and put out on the window sill, for—for——"

"For grown up young ladies to knock off with fishing-rods?" he asked. I believe I almost blushed.

"I didn't! And if I did it was an accident. There were only two or three. It will be awfully mean if you tell auntie."

"As if I should! And why do you want to study the science of—mixtures in jars?"

"Because it is so interesting."

"How do you know it is?"

(*Sweetly.*) "It must be to keep—people—indoors such a beautiful morning." He smiled a sort of gradual smile and put away his spectacles. I looked very innocent. (*Looks innocent!*)

"You're dull," he said. "Poor child!"

(*Indignantly.*) "Child indeed!

"I am *not* a child" I told him; "but I *am* dull."

"Then," he proposed, "suppose we go for a cycle ride."

(*Excitedly.*) "Will you, really? It is nice of you, Professor. I do *love* cycling."

He said it was nice of *me*. So we went. Neither of us knew the place, so we lost our way. (*Indifferently.*) It didn't matter. He found a dear little inn for lunch; and we got home in time for dinner. Aunt said she hoped I had "been a good girl." She is so ridiculous.

The next morning I really wanted a book from the library, but I wouldn't go in to disturb him. I just sang a little as I went by under the window, in case he *wanted* to be disturbed. He put his head out directly.

"Are you going for a ride, Molly?"

(*Looking up at window.* "If anyone nice asks me."

"Am I nice?"

"If you are going to ask me."

So he asked me, and we went, and lost ourselves by another route. "We must study the map to-morrow morning," he said. "I have to do some experiments in the afternoon." He sighed, or pretended to. (*Thoughtfully.*) Men are very deceitful.

"Couldn't I help you?"

"You could be of the greatest assistance, if you would do exactly what I told you; but you wouldn't."

"I will—really I will, Professor."

"On your word of honour?"

"On my word of honour," I promised.

So the next morning we went for a ride and didn't lose ourselves. Directly after lunch I put on a very pretty pink blouse. (*Confidentially*)— Pink suits me—and went up to the library.

"I am going to be very good," I said, "and do just what you tell me. Now explain." I sat upon the corner of the table

I used to lean out of my window with Uncle's fishing-rod, and knock them off.

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"You won't—more than is necessary?"

to be explained to, and he sat on the arm of the reading chair.

"I want your assistance in an investigation into the characteristics of the essential microbe of amatory osculation," he said, as if he were giving a lecture.

(*Raising her eyebrows.*) "Oh!"

"The first thing is to secure a good specimen. Of course, you know what a microbe is?"

"Of course I do?"

"Perhaps you are also conversant with amatory osculation?"

"No—o." (*Looks down.*)

"Let me explain. Osculation is a process which—er—well, when you—er—say good-night to your aunt, you place your lips in juxtaposition, and—er——"

"Oh, I see! (*Demurely.*) I will fetch Auntie."

"No, no!" he cried in a great hurry. "That is merely the ordinary microbe. The amatory microbe is different." He moved towards me, but I scrambled over the table to the other side.

"It is essential to the experiment which I have prepared," he declared. "You gave your word of honour to assist me in every way."

"Ye—es," I said, "but it is such a peculiar way."

"Not at all. It is in the interests of science."

(*Mischievously.*) "Perhaps, in the interests of science, Aunt Anne might be persuaded — or cook — or——"

He positively glared at me.

"I don't want to—er—osculate Aunt Anne or cook."

(*Surprised.*) "Of course not! Neither, of course, do you wish to —er—osculate me."

"But I do," he said. "You see it must be someone that I want to —to get a good specimen."

(*Tossing her head decidedly.*) "I don't want to."

He sighed.

"Then the experiment fails."

(*Looking down.*) "Is it really essential?"

"Absolutely essential."

"It would only be *one*, of course?"

"You promised to do all that I required."

"Ye—es, I know. I—I can't break my word, of course, but——" He came round beside me. "You won't—more than is necessary? *Oh!*"

(*Sadly.*) That is how I became a martyr to science, and (*smiles*) the Professor a martyr to me. I suppose I need not tell you (*holds up ringed finger*) that we are engaged—and (*turns to go and laughs back over her shoulder*) continuing the experiments!

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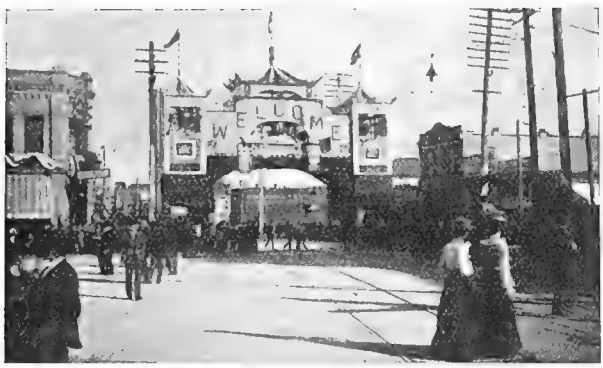
ARCHES OF THE ROYAL TOUR



At Melbourne the Chinese citizens erected an arch to welcome the Prince and Princess of Wales.

"God bless your Grace with wealth and happy days," was Melbourne's greeting on this arch.

A beautiful arch at Adelaide, with an emblem of her commerce flying round the world on winged wheels.

The trade arch at Melbourne. The motto round the globe on the summit is: "Trade follows the Flag."

How the Colonials gave the Royal Visitors a Foretaste of the Brilliancy of the Coronation.

By Richard Garrat.

Photos by McGregor.

The Royal tour is now a thing of the past, a cherished memory to those at home, to whom the Prince and Princess of Wales are familiar figures. But with our cousins over-seas it is even more. To them a visit from the heir to the throne is an unusual event, something to be treated with more than ordinary jubilation. Hence, all the towns honoured by a visit turned out in gala array, lavishly decorated their houses and streets, and joined heartily in

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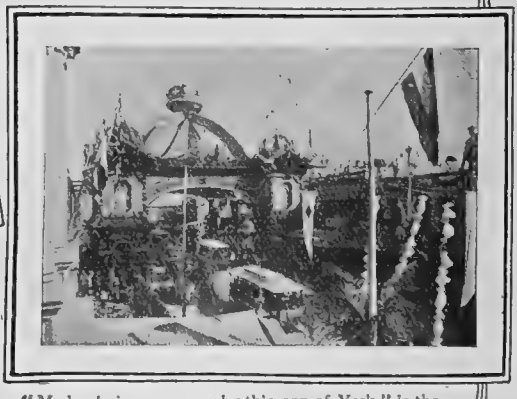
welcoming the Sailor Prince and his charming Princess. Each town vied with its neighbour in building the finest arches, and in decorating them with flowers, fruit, or bunting, as was thought best, while brilliant firework displays and bright illuminations were the order of the night.

From the Basuto and Hottentot to the Australian bushman, from the Maori in the New Zealand bush to the Red Indian chieftain from his boundless prairie, all contributed their share in the general entertainment.

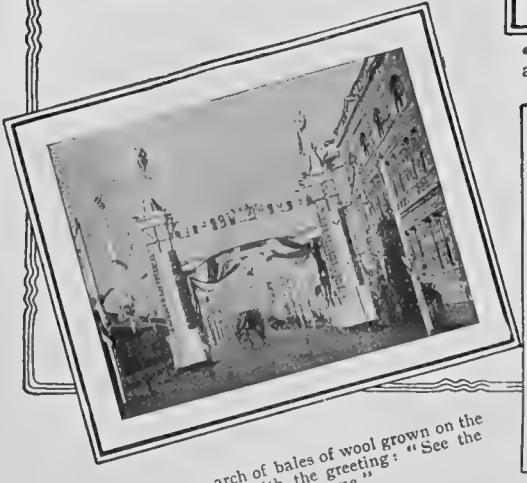
The greater part of the decorations consisted of arches. Besides going to great pains to produce beautiful designs, the arches were, in many cases, built

Sydney showed great taste in building this arch. Its grace was charming, and possessed a delightful simplicity admired by the Princess, who was also greatly struck by the world famous harbour of Sydney.

The Maoris at Wellington greeted their Royal Highnesses with a suitable greeting in the Maori tongue.



"Made glorious summer by this son of York," is the appropriate quotation made by the people of Wellington for their most noble arch.



Wellington built an arch of bales of wool grown on the New Zealand ranches, with the greeting: "See the warmth of our welcome."

Lumps of coal decorated this arch, which bore the legend: "The coal that saved the *Calliope*." H.M.S. *Calliope*, overtaken by a great gale off Borneo, was alone saved, owing to the excellence of the Westport coal in her bunkers.

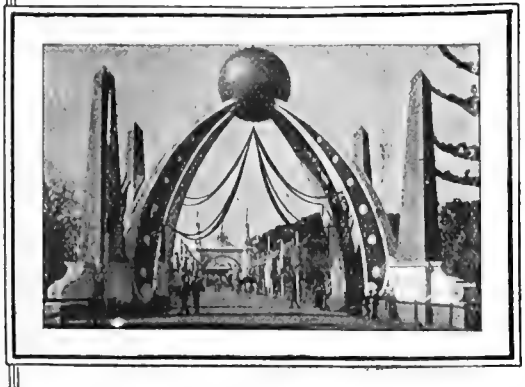
Google

At Westport the large Chinese quarter were in no wise backward in their greetings to the Prince. This arch was beautifully illuminated, too, at night by hundreds of little Chinese lanterns.

The loyal Tasmanians put up an arch of apples to welcome the Prince to "Apple Land." The props were made of apples, while strings of fruit were suspended from the top and sides.

Hobart, the bright little capital of sunny Tasmania, struck quite an original line in their arches. This one was very beautiful, with its festoons of greenery and gay bunting.

The Chinese subjects of Perth built a typically Celestial arch, decorated with curious designs, and brightly lit up by quaint and picturesque lamps.



Western Australia is the great gold-mining country. Perth put up a "golden arch" in honour of the Royal visitors.

with a view to bringing forward the agricultural and commercial interests of the country. For example, the mineral trade of Western Australia was suitably represented by the "Golden Arch" at Perth.

"Welcome to apple land!" Such was the greeting of Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, to the visitors. The arch, with this greeting appended, was made largely of apples, adorned with apple branches, and flowery sprays. The Prince stopped and inquired with interest as to the apple trade of the country, expressing much pleasure when he heard that it was flourishing.

Not to be outdone by Australia, Canada rallied round the flag, and gave the Prince a right royal welcome. Old-time Quebec, quaint and very French,

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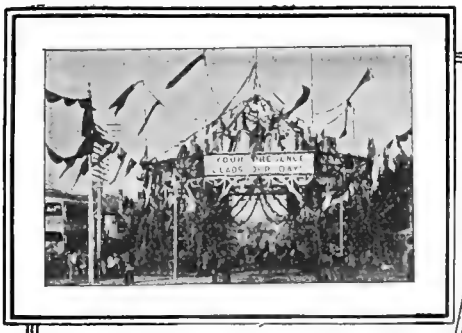
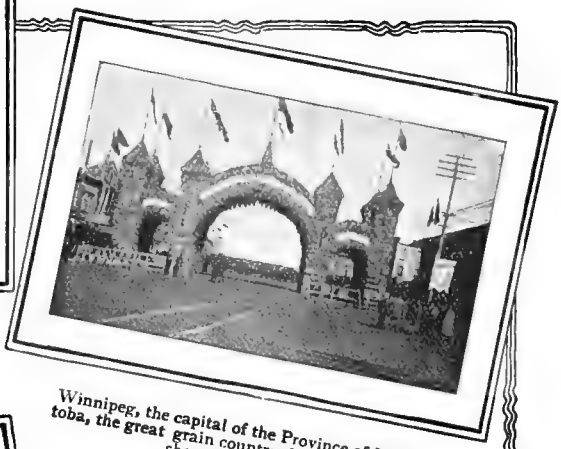


The trade arch built by the commercial element of Perth was beautifully decorated with bunting, ribbon, and palm trees.



Winnipeg, the capital of the Province of Manitoba, the great grain country, built an arch of sheaves of corn.

The citizens of Winnipeg built a grain arch to show fifteen years' increase in Manitoba's wheat.

At Regina the Royal party were met and escorted by the North-West Mounted Police and the Governor of the city.

Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal, all were visited, the Royal party making a most enjoyable journey on rafts down the rapids.

At Winnipeg an arch of sheaves of corn was built with the legend: "Fifteen years' increase in Manitoba's wheat crop," a truly appropriate title for the great corn-growing province.

Not the least hearty was the welcome extended to the wanderers when they landed at Southampton, met by King Edward and their children, who ran eagerly to meet their father and mother after so long an absence from home.

Regina is the great ranching and agriculture centre of the North-West Provinces. She built an arch of sheaves of corn.

Google

Our Huge Pension Scheme.

More about our offer of . . .

5s. a Day for Life!

THOSE readers to whose notice this scheme has now for the first time been drawn will be interested to know exactly what one can do with so comfortable an income as **Five Shillings a Day for Life!**

Huge prizes have been offered from time to time by the Proprietors of those papers from the offices of which the ROYAL MAGAZINE is produced (in three cases prizes have been of £1,000 each), but no such magnificent opportunity has ever before been given for securing a regular and certain income for the rest of your natural life. All the huge prizes sink into insignificance alongside this offer, when one considers for a moment the colossal sum of money which the winner will receive under the following conditions :—

If your age now is		you will receive more than		If your age now is		you will receive more than	
	50		**£2,250**		**30**		**£4,100**
„	**45**	„	**£2,700**	„	**25**	„	**£4,550**
„	**40**	„	**£3,150**	„	**20**	„	**£5,000**
„	**35**	„	**£3,650**	„	**15**	„	**£5,450**

These figures will convince you of the magnificence of the Prize.

In order to fully realise the pleasure and comfort which you may extract from a regular income of **Five Shillings a Day for Life,** you should just run through in your mind the various ways in which you can enjoy life with an addition of nearly **£100 a Year** to your present income.

For example :—

If you want a New House	**You can have it**	By purchasing one through a building society and paying off the mortgage out of the **5s. a Day for Life.**
If you want a Motor Car	**You can have it**	By saving up **5s. a Day for Life.**
If you want a Horse	**You can have it**	And keep it comfortably out of the **5s. a Day for Life.**
If you want a Diamond Tiara	**You can have it**	By saving your **5s. a Day for Life.**
If you want to Dress Well	**You can do so**	On **5s. a Day for Life.**
If you want to Travel	**You can do so**	By saving up for a few months your **5s. a Day for Life.**

Perhaps any one of the above ideas will suggest to you something which you are badly wanting. If so, all you have to do is to enter for the competition, of which conditions are announced on the next page, and win the prize.

If you don't win the first prize you may secure one of the smaller prizes which are offered.

Over £100 in Consolation Gifts will be awarded.

Google

What you have to do ...

IN THE NEXT TWO PAGES you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in the pictures (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

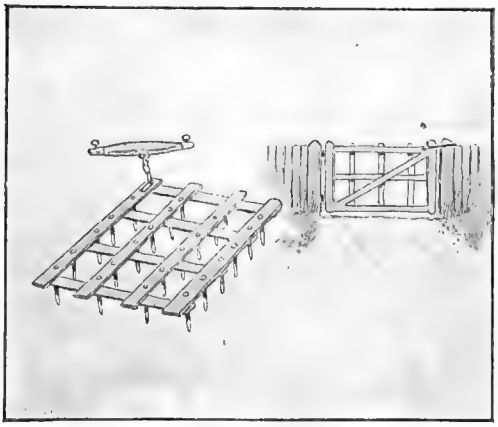
Before you begin, carefully examine the example shown below, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next two pages, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you until you are told to send them in.

Don't be discouraged if you cannot find all the names. Fill in as many as you can; other people may be no cleverer than yourself, and it is the competitor with the fewest mistakes who wins.

When you find a difficult one, ask your friends to help you.

EXAMPLE PICTURE.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.

INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE: (for same reason).

CONDITIONS:—

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).

2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.

3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you until you are told to send it in.

5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.

6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.

7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.

9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

THE PRIZE OF . . .

5s. a Day for Life

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

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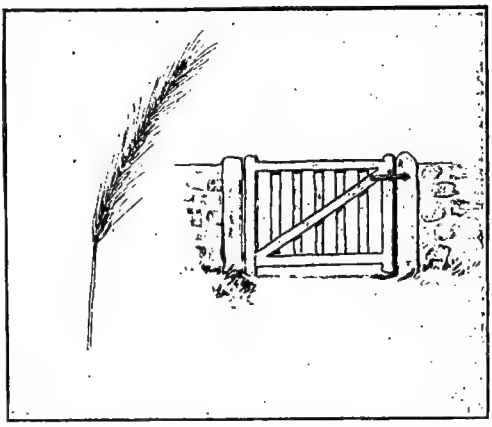
13.....



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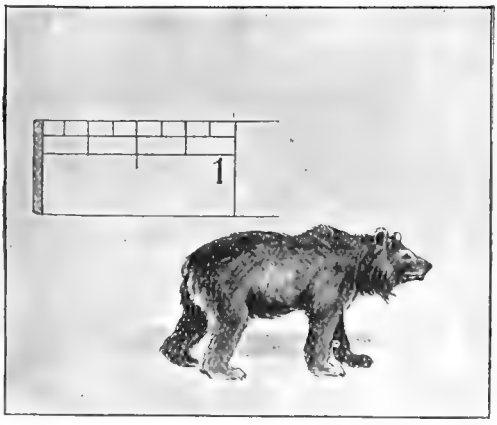

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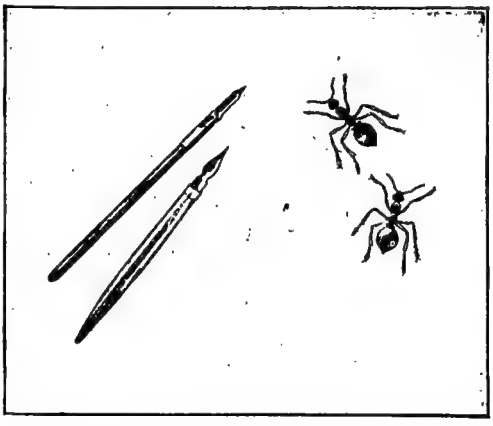

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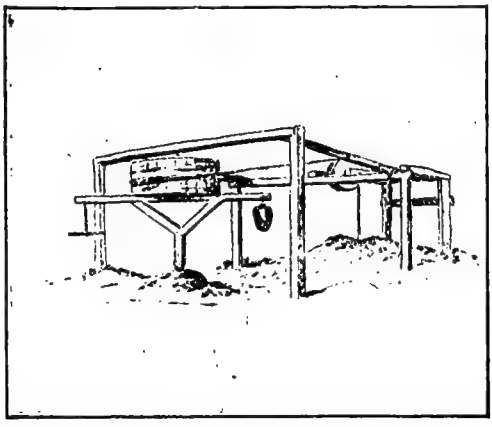

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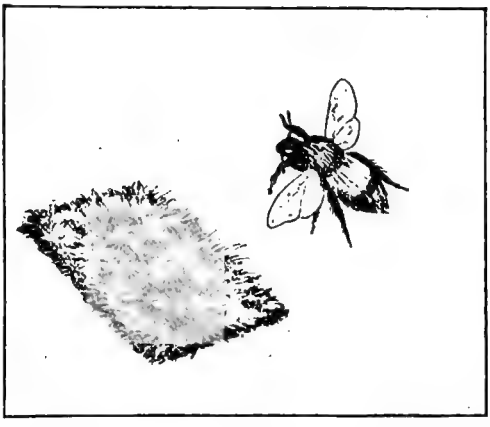

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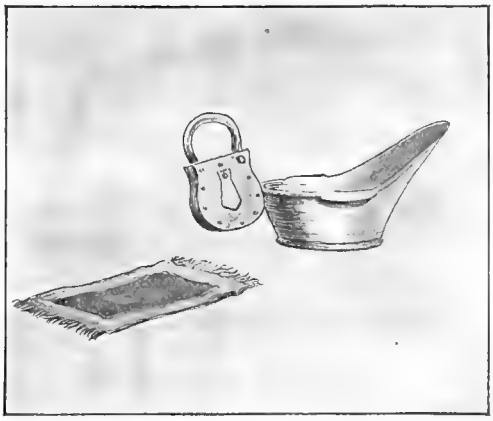

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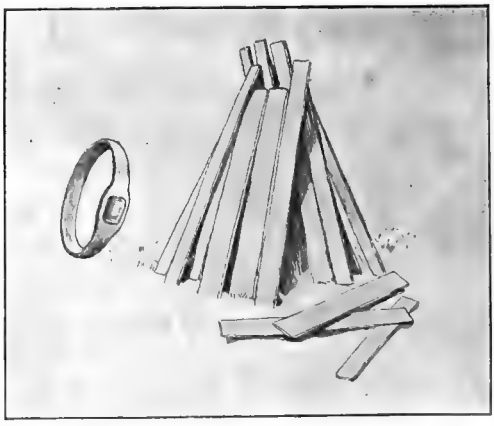

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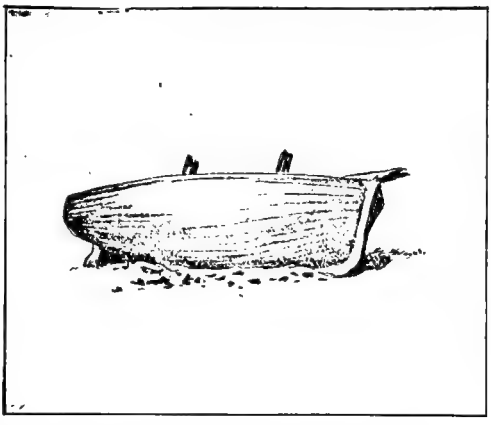

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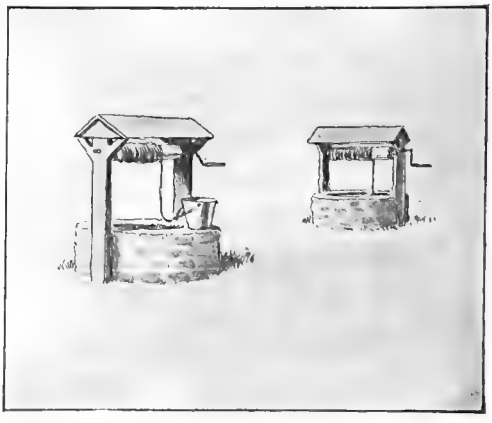

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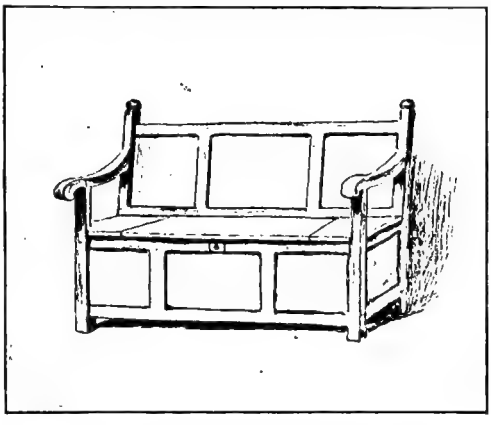

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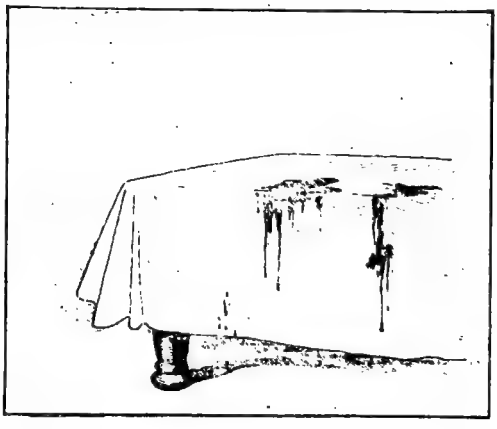

24.....

Name..... *Address*.....

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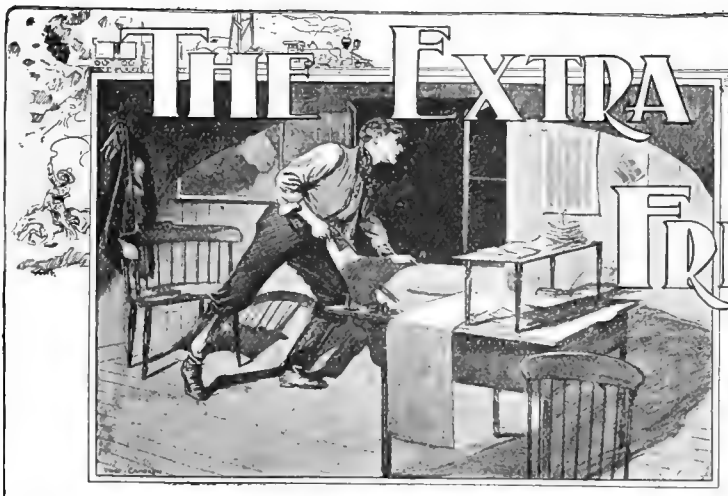
THE EXTRA FREIGHT



By J. L. Fuller.

THE Stonington railway was built in New England, and the Flaglers had all turned out railway men.

When Bob Flagler was a chubby-legged, sprawling youngster creeping about the sitting-room and wondering if there was anything in the world bigger than what was confined in those four walls, he was dedicated to railway service.

When Bob grew up, he very nearly escaped the railway business and got into something with less risk attached.

That Bob should readily desire to go into anything but railway work never crossed the elder Flagler's mind; and, finding his son did not lean towards his branch of the service, he began to look about him, and, at twenty-two years old and after some years at a business school, Bob found the position of assistant signalman waiting him on a western road in Arizona.

So Bob, being an obedient fellow, and wishing to please the old gentleman, packed his bag and departed, landing in the centre of a ranch country at a junction of two lines, with alkali dust drifted half a foot deep on the station platform, and the thermometer at 120 in the shade.

Bob found that he did not fancy sweltering over the signalman's instrument any better than he expected. But he had promised the old gentleman to stick to it for a year at least, and a promise was a promise.

He found, however, that what really interested him in Arizona was cattle. At any rate, he called it cattle.

He rode over to Ringbold Ranch whenever he could get a day off, and talked cattle with the old Ringbold until he really learned a good deal about the business. He determined, when he could get away from the signalman's duties, he'd buy a small herd and try it himself.

Old Ringbold had a daughter who was the belle of four counties; and she had smiled upon the young fellow from the East the first day he came to the ranch.

She was kind to him, and seemed to like his society; she even went riding with him, and sat in the moonlit corner of the verandah with him when he could remain late at the ranch.

But either Bob was very diffident, or Miss Rosy knew how to keep him at a distance, for the youngster never plucked up courage enough to open his heart to her in anything more audible than glances.

There was a cowman about the ranch who rather annoyed Bob, too. His name was Kennison, and he was in high favour with old Ringbold.

Kennison was a typical cowman, not unhandsome, though burned as black as an Indian, with a hawklike nose and a grey eye that looked a man through and through.

Bob was not a coward, but Kennison was noted as a sharp man with his gun and not of a patient temper. He seemed to have all his own way with Rosy, and Bob never understood the fact until he himself was very much in love with the girl.

Suddenly he discovered that Rose had very little time for him when he rode over to the ranch; but the young signalman saw her riding into town quite frequently with

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Kennison, and saw them going the round of the shops together. One day he heard a man lounging about the railway station remark to a crony:

"Reckon Jed Kennison is gettin' ready to hitch up with ol' man Ringbold's daughter. They'll make a likely team fur double harness."

At that Bob determined to learn the truth of the matter at once. He asked for the day off and rode over to the ranch.

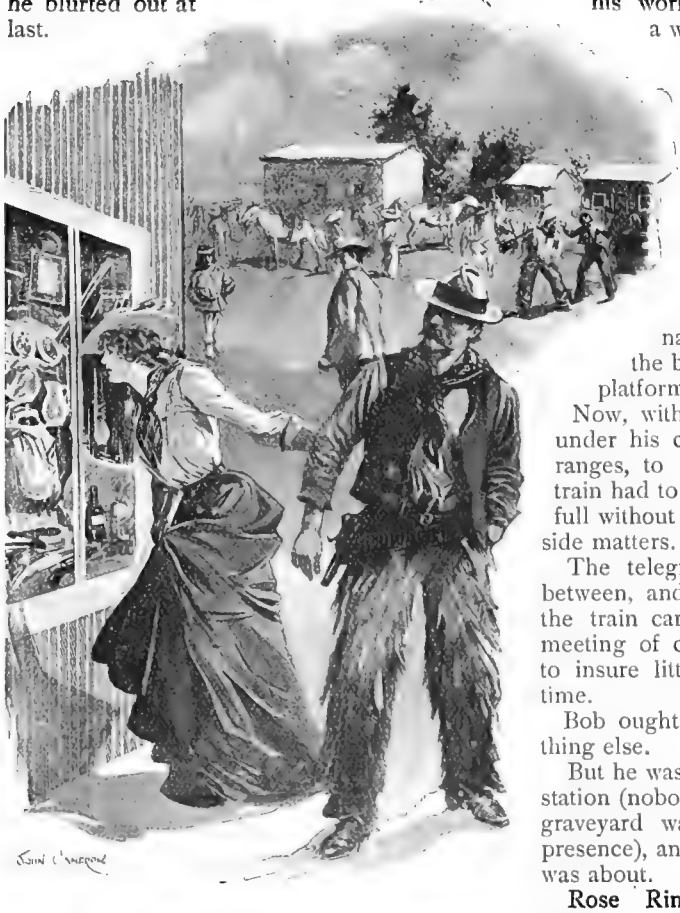
The cattleman welcomed him warmly, invited him to lunch, and treated him just as well as ever; but Rose was not in sight.

"Where is Miss Rosy?" Bob finally plucked up courage to ask.

"Oh, she's somewhere's around. Gittin' ready for the weddin', I s'pose. Ev'rythin' else around this yere ranch can go bang, I reckon, until that's over."

Bob's heart dropped into his boots.

"Is—is Kennison the man?" he blurted out at last.



Saw them going the round of the shops together.

"Yes. An' a mighty likely feller he is."

Then Bob rose abruptly and, feeling his voice untrustworthy, nodded to the astonished old gentleman and rode away.

"Wal, I'm hanged!" exclaimed Ringbold, as Rose came to the door to inquire who had ridden so furiously away from the ranch house. "The sun is gittin' too strong for that boy. He'd oughtn't to be tied down to that railway station no more. The heat's too much for him."

He felt the heat—it was intense. And he couldn't sleep until nature was absolutely exhausted.

But he couldn't think of giving up work. He felt that he should go completely mad if he did not have something to occupy his mind.

The chief, however, gave him the second watch—from 4 p.m. till midnight—generally considered the easier one, and poor Bob got through it somehow and managed to do his work without much damage for a week.

Then the day came, old Ringbold's men had a holiday — "to celebrate Kennison's wedding" the report in the settlement had it.

Before afternoon most of the cowmen were in town and feeling pretty hilarious, and soon after Bob Flagler went on duty in the signal box over the station, the boys began to gather about the platform.

Now, with five hundred miles of track under his care, including three mountain ranges, to get over which every goods train had to be split, Bob had his hands full without paying any attention to outside matters.

The telegraph offices were few and far between, and it was necessary to go over the train card very carefully, and plan the meeting of certain trains a long way ahead to insure little delay and close running to time.

Bob ought not to have known about anything else.

But he was aware of the crowd about the station (nobody but the dead in the town graveyard was unaware of the cowmen's presence), and he knew what the celebration was about.

Rose Ringbold's saucy face appeared between him and the time sheet, and the

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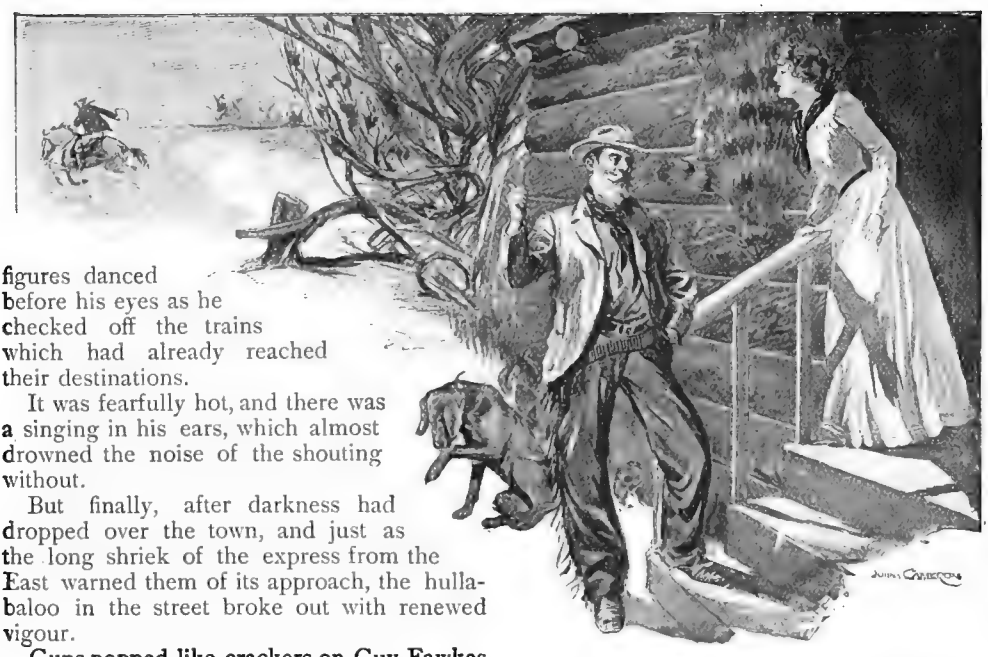

Rose came to the door to enquire who had ridden so furiously away from the ranch.

figures danced before his eyes as he checked off the trains which had already reached their destinations.

It was fearfully hot, and there was a singing in his ears, which almost drowned the noise of the shouting without.

But finally, after darkness had dropped over the town, and just as the long shriek of the express from the East warned them of its approach, the hulla-baloo in the street broke out with renewed vigour.

Guns popped like crackers on Guy Fawkes Day, and men who had already shouted themselves hoarse took up the huzzas again.

Flagler went to the window—rather, he staggered to it. A cavalcade had just rattled up to the station. It consisted of old Ringbold, Kennison, and Rosy. Kennison and Rose were leaving with the express, and the ranch owner had ridden over to see them off.

The heat must have gone to his brain then for a moment. The fusilade of guns was kept up as the express slowed down and stopped for a moment beside the platform.

Flagler reached back to his table pulled open the drawer, and brought forth a revolver of approved Arizona pattern.

With it he leaned out of the window. A terrible desire to kill the man who had stolen the girl he loved from him possessed his soul.

But—thank Heaven—Kennison had already got out of sight under the awning of the station, and Flagler staggered back to his chair as the footsteps of the guard sounded on the stair.

"Anything special?" this individual asked, sticking his head in at the door.

The train sheet was a blur before Bob's eyes. His hand fumbled with the orders on the hook.

There was something there about the express; he had seen it when he had received the transfer of everything on the road at four o'clock, and had made out the new sheet.

Ah, here it was! Bob pushed back his hair and tried to brush the fog from before his eyes.

Fully he comprehended the writing in the chief's hand. The express was to run as a special train to a point about the middle of the line, and he showed it to the guard.

But when the latter's boots rattled down the stairs again Bob laid his head down upon the table before him, and the dry, hard sobs shook his frame. He was young; this was his first real grief, and it hit him hard.

When the first sharp pain had passed, bitter thoughts filled his heart.

Oh, he would have been glad then to have seen her lying dead at his feet, and Kennison with her. Suppose there should be a collision on the road and the express should be in it?

For a breath he even contemplated this thought with satisfaction.

But the idea of a collision startled him into activity. He recalled that he was here to keep an eye on the trains, and he turned wearily to the train sheet again.

Yes, the express was off — running as a special. That was all right and according to orders. She would be about reaching Grantville now, her only stop before she arrived at the station where her special orders ceased to be in force.

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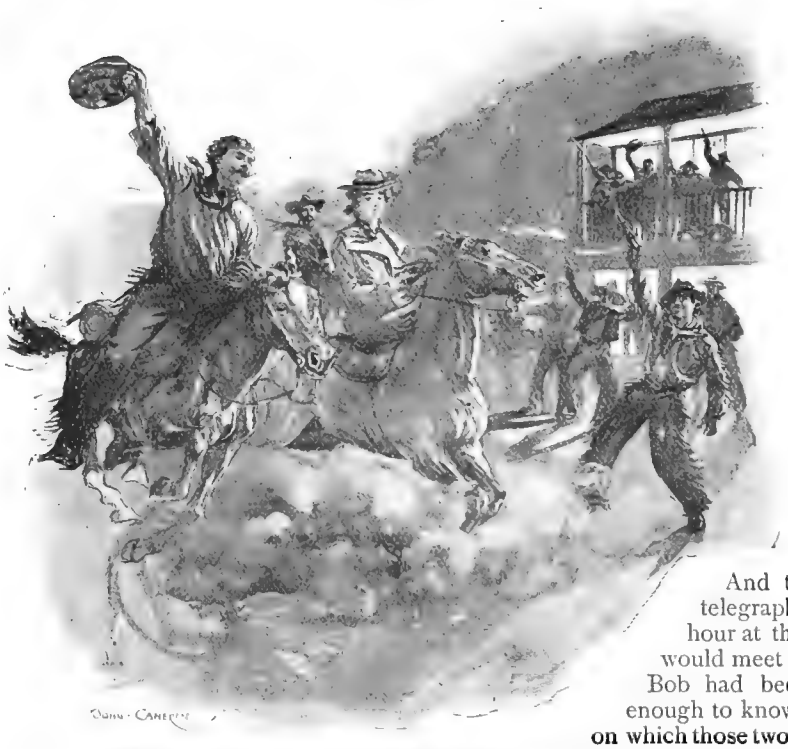

Guns popped like crackers on Guy Fawkes Day.

And there was no telegraph office open then between Grantville and this latter stop.

Bob glanced carelessly at the sheet again. He should have examined it with attention before showing the guard the order, but his mind had been too overwrought then to really know what he did.

His eye roved up and down the rows of figures, and suddenly, with a half articulate gasp, he saw something in one corner.

The blood—every drop in his body, it seemed—rushed to his head.

There in the corner of the sheet was *another special train coming from the East!*

He dropped back in the chair and for a minute utterly lost consciousness. Then he came to with a jump and sprang for the transmitter.

He rang up the people at Grantville again and again.

The express might not have passed through that town, something might have delayed it. He might be in time to avert the disaster which he saw faced the two trains.

The special coming from the East was a goods train; but the express was well filled with passengers. And among them was Rose Ringbold!

The murderous thoughts were out of his brain now. Poor little Rose, on her honeymoon with the man she loved, was in danger of an awful death—and all through his carelessness!

At last the Grantville telegraph office responded.

"Hold express," Bob flashed across the wire.

"Sorry. Express just out of sight." That was the answer.

And there was not another telegraph office open at that hour at the point at which they would meet!

Bob had been at the work long enough to know every foot of the line on which those two trains were approaching each other for the biggest collision which had ever occured in Arizona.

He crouched in his chair, shivering as though with an ague. The chill of death had gripped him, and for the first time since arriving in Arizona he was positively cold.

He had wished for such an awful catastrophe—he had wished it! And he had his wish!

Poor little Rose and Kennison would be mangled in the wreck. He would be their murderer.

He thought of the other victims of the impending tragedy, too—the other passengers and the train officials. They had not wronged him in the remotest degree. Yet, through his negligence they were being sent to a horrible and violent death.

For one hundred and twenty minutes he lived over every detail of his past life—childhood, boyhood, his school days, the months in which he had suffered in this stuffy office, and courted the ranchman's daughter.

He followed the trains mentally over every inch of the line, too. He knew just where they would come together.

It would occur on a certain sharp curve where neither driver would see the other's headlight until it was too late to avert disaster.

Google

He pictured the scene in all its horror—the dark mountain pass suddenly illuminated with the strong white radiance of the headlights; the agony on the engine drivers' faces as they realised the danger; their mad attempts to stop the onward rush of their heavy trains!

Then came the crash—the man in the signalman's chair seemed to hear the impact of the monsters. The shriek of escaping steam sounded in his ears; the grinding and creaking of broken girders and timbers; the agonised cries of the passengers and men!

Throughout all this time of mental agony Flagler was obliged to send the regular orders to a score of other trains. Afterwards he wondered how he had done it, for he had performed the duty mechanically and without realising it.

The minutes dragged by. A picture of Rose's dead face floated in the air before his eyes, whether he closed them or no.

His breath rattled in his throat as he exhaled it, and his fingers picked at the buttons on his vest as a dying man picks at his coverlet.

Suddenly the bell sounded. Bob started forward mechanically, and tapped the answer.

"Ludlow," ticked out the sounder. Ludlow was thirty miles east of the curve where the collision was to occur.

"Express delayed. Blown out cylinder head."

A scream rang through the office that startled the dozing station hands below. When they reached the top of the stairs Bob Flagler had just wired to Ludlow, where the express passengers had routed out the operator to send their message:

"Hold express. Flag extra from West."

Then the signalman fell back into the arms of the astonished station master.

* * * * *

He awoke in a wide, cool room, with a bed under him as comfortable as a hospital cot. He knew the place, for he had been there before; and he knew the figure of the long and rugged ranchman who sat fanning him.

"Great Cæsar, boy, you're sure coming 'round," old Ringbold said heartily. "I happened to stay in the settlement that night, an' I jest took you away from your boarding place an' brought you here. What with the boarding place an' that there railway office, I don't wonder that you went under."

"How long has it been?" queried Bob.

"Better nor a week. Why, Rose has been back four days."

"Rose?"

"Yes. I telegraphed her straight, an' she scarcely waited to see her cousin married, 'fore coming back. And she's a powerful good nurse, Rose is."

"Her cousin married?" queried Bob, his voice still weak.

"Why, sure. That's what she went away with Kennison for—to see him an' Jennie married. They've been engaged a disgraceful long time; but Kennison's got a likely ranch now and a good bunch of cattle."

"And Rose—er—"

"She'll be back directly, and delighted to see you so fit." For Bob had suddenly sat up in bed. "I tell you what it is, Mr. Flagler, railways in Arizona ain't no good. What you want to do is to get into the cattle business. Now that Kennison's gone, I'd like mighty well to have a trustworthy man around the place, and if you and I can come to terms ——"

"I'm your man, Mr. Ringbold!" exclaimed Bob, dropping back on the pillow. "I reckon I was out of my line as signalman; but I feel that I'll make a hit with the steers."

But the ranchman wouldn't hire him as foreman. Instead he took him in as partner when Flagler married Rose a month later.

"MORE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN KETTLE"

. . are now appearing in . .

Pearson's Magazine.

The Adventure in the MAY Number is entitled—

. . *"THE TAIL-SHAFT,"*

and that in the JUNE Number (On sale May 31st)—

. . . . *"SHANGHAIED."*

Don't forget to buy them both.

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BORROWED LIGHTS.

By Owen Oliver.

I.

From Mr. John Bell to Miss Daisy Bell.

3, Middle Temple,
London, E.C.,
April 23rd, 1901.

My dear Daisy,

I am in an awful fix. Help me out like a good little Sis.

I told you, when I was home the other day, what a nice girl Flora Nugent was, and how pretty and clever. I said then that I liked her Uncle Benjamin too, but now I don't. He has given her an album. If there's a thing in the world that ought to be put a stop to, it's albums to write in.

She sprang it upon me suddenly, when I was there on Saturday night. I did not know he had given it to her, or I would have had more sense. She began by talking about poetry; and of course I said I admired it awfully. Then she said she was sure I could write very interesting verses if I tried. I said I was sure of it too. It looks easy enough till you try it!

When she had led me on to this point, she produced the album. I never had such a shock in my life, not even when we were kids and you fell on me from the apple tree.

I promised to write in it, and send it back next day. Now it's Tuesday. I dare not go near the place, and of course she'll think it's because I don't want to. You know what girls are! For goodness sake do a verse for me. You write a fine, masculine hand, and she won't know it is not mine. If you can't, why don't you ask that parson chap who hangs round? There's no name in the album, and he'd think it was for you. Be sharp about it, there's a good girl.—Your distracted brother,

Jack.

II.

From Miss Daisy Bell to the Rev. Adolphus Brown.

Fern House, Maidstone-road, Rochester,
April 24th, 1901.

Dear Mr. Brown,

I send my little album that you so kindly promised to write in. Yours will be the first contribution. I was determined to secure something really good. You won't forget that neither my name, nor yours, must appear. It does not do to be too personal!

It is so kind of you to take the trouble; but I suppose it is no trouble to anyone so clever as you. *I* should find it terribly difficult.—Yours sincerely,

Daisy Bell.

P.S. I am making good progress with the slippers.

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III.

From the Rev. Adolphus Brown to Miss Winifred Brown.

14, Minor Canon Row, Rochester,
April 25th, 1901.

MY DEAR WINIFRED,

I have been honoured with an invitation to write some verses in an album belonging to one of my parishioners, a young lady who is most helpful in church work, and for whom I have great esteem, and even regard.

Of course I could compose poetry of a kind; but I have no real talent for versification of the description necessary. She is very anxious that the opening contribution in her book should be something really good. The best way of furthering her wishes that occurs to me is to be a poet by deputy! You always had good taste in light literature. Could you manage to do the verses for me?

I am truly pleased to hear of Tom's appointment to the hospital. Please convey my warmest congratulations to him—or rather to you both.—Your affectionate brother,

ADOLPHUS BROWN.

IV.

Miss Winifred Brown to Dr. Thos. Nugent.

Gravesend, *April 26th*.

DEAR OLD TOM,

You are always saying you would do anything for me. Of course, I know you are a great story-teller. I am just as sure that you would not give up doctoring or smoking to please me, as that it would not please me if you would.

I really do believe, though, you would do anything for me, if you did not much mind doing it. So perhaps you'll scribble something in the album I send. Poor old Dolly has promised some feminine member of the church to write some verses in it; and of course he can't do anything so frivolous. See what you can do, there's a useful boy. It must be very serious and elevating, mind! My love to them all; and of course to you. Don't work *too* hard.

Your tiresome girl,
WINNIE.

V.

From Dr. Thos. Nugent to Miss Flora Nugent.

The Hospital,
Littlebury,
April 28th, 1901.

DEAR FLO,

Win has asked me to write some verses in this album. I can't make rhymes, even for dear old Win. Do them for me.

Write your manliest hand, so that people won't think a girl did them. Of course, I shall tell *her*. That's the best of Win. A fellow need not pretend to her, because she's not like other girls.

Don't mention any names, but do something nice. What a blessing it is to have a learnéd sister. My love to the mater and governor and yourself.

Yours affectionately,
"DOCTOR."

She sprang upon me suddenly, when I was there on Saturday night.

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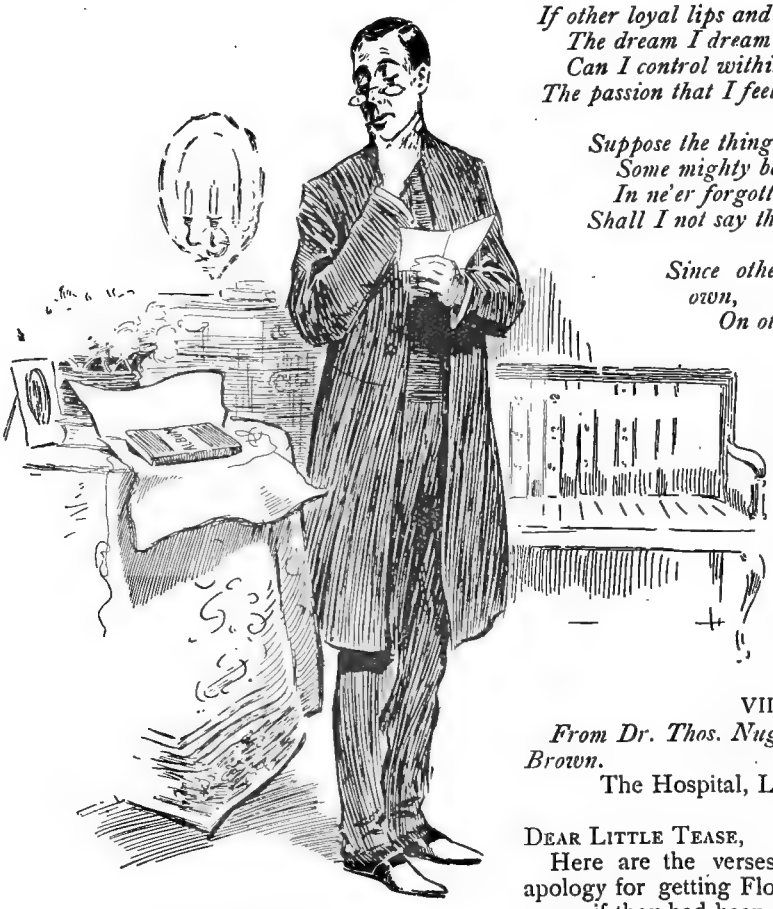

I hope enclosed verses will suit your fair parishioner.

VI.

Miss Flora Nugent to Dr. Thos. Nugent.

3, Long Walk, Clapham, S.W.,
April 29th, 1901.

My Dear Tom,

I have done some verses for you and your wonderful Winnie! They are not good; but for an album they are good enough.

Strange to say, Uncle Benjamin gave me a similar album last week. I have offered Jack Bell the privilege of spoiling the first page. Poor fellow! He has not called since.

All send love to you; and please tell Win we shall be so glad when she can run up.

Your long-suffering sister, Flo.

VII. BORROWED LIGHTS!

A verse that's new you ask of me,
The servant of your will;
But think you they're unwritten still,
The deepest thoughts that be?
If other loyal lips and leal
The dream I dream confessed,
Can I control within my breast
The passion that I feel?

Suppose the things I think of you
Some mighty bard of old
In ne'er forgotten numbers told,
Shall I not say them too?

Since other lights surpass my own,
On other altars shed,
Shall I a candle bring instead
To glorify your throne?

No! Let me sing the deathless lays,
Beyond my art to write,
Content to shine with borrowed light,
So I may show your praise!

VIII.

From Dr. Thos. Nugent to Miss Winifred Brown.

The Hospital, Littlebury,
May 1st, 1901.

Dear Little Tease,

Here are the verses. They are my best apology for getting Flo to do them. All the same, if they had been for your own book, I would have written myself down an ass, rather than ask anyone else.

As for doing things for you, Win, I'm safe enough in promising. You would never ask anything that was not fair; and you would not grumble at my best, however bad.

I am coming down to-morrow afternoon. My best love, dear.

Yours devotedly,
Tom.

IX.

Miss Winifred Brown to the Rev. Adolphus Brown.

Gravesend,
May 3rd, 1901.

Dear Dolph,

I hope the inclosed verses will suit your fair parishioner. I should have thought that, as she is so devoted to church work, the peroration of one of your sermons would have been more appropriate; but I fear she is not yet entirely weaned from secular weaknesses.

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Mind that, instead of your converting her, she does not pervert you!

Your worldly but affectionate sister,

WINIFRED.

X.

From the Rev. Adolphus Brown to Miss Daisy Bell.

14, Minor Canon Row, Rochester,

May 4th, 1901.

MY DEAR MISS BELL,

It affords me much pleasure to transmit the accompanying verses. I can at least claim that they express my feelings with sincerity.

I hope that your perusal of them may be attended by a tithe of the pleasure that I feel in helping to celebrate, however unworthily, so pleasing a theme.

With very kind regards, and hoping to see you at the meeting to-morrow,

Believe me, yours most sincerely,

ADOLPHUS BROWN.

XI

From Miss Daisy Bell to Mr. John Bell.

Fern House, Maidstone Road, Rochester,

May 6th, 1901.

MY DEAR JACK,

The curate is still semi-detached! I don't feel quite sure that he wrote the verses himself, but they are surprisingly good.

They have cost me a pair of slippers, and they will cost you two theatre tickets when I come up to town next month. I want to see your Miss Flora. I do hope she's nice, Jack.

Mind that she does not find you out, if she is so clever as you say. I don't think she can be, or she would not have asked you to write verses!

But if she can't see that you are preferable to poets—even clerical ones!—she is not clever at all, in the opinion of—

Your affectionate sis, DAISY.

XII.

From Mr. John Bell to Miss Flora Nugent.

3, Middle Temple,

London, E.C.

May 7th, 1901.

DEAR MISS FLORA,

I am sorry that I have been so long in sending your verses. The fact is, I am not a bit of a poet, though I think some of the things they do, especially since I knew you. I don't like being a humbug, and I hope you won't ask my opinion about poems any more, though I like to like what you like.

May I come and see you to-morrow? I should have come before, only I could not find any verses good enough.

Yours most sincerely, JACK BELL.

XIII.

From Miss Flora Nugent to Mr. John Bell.

3, Long Walk, Clapham, S.W.

May 8th.

DEAR MR. BELL,

Thank you for taking so much trouble to comply with my request. You will be glad to know that the verses could not appeal to me more, if they were my own!

In fact, there seems to have been some marvellous mental telegraphy between us. I am so haunted by a curious idea of having written the verses myself, that I hardly know whether to call them yours or mine! Have you any doubt upon the subject?

Yours very truly,

FLORA NUGENT.

XIV.

From Mr. John Bell to Miss Flora Nugent.

3, Middle Temple, E.C.

May 9th, 1901.

DEAR MISS FLORA,

I don't know if the verses are yours; but they aren't mine—unless you'll go shares with me. There's nothing I want so much in the world; and that is why I didn't own I could not write them.

Can't I persuade you?—Yours devotedly,

JACK BELL.

P.S.—Please send answer by bearer.

XV.

Miss Flora Nugent to Mr. John Bell.

3, Long Walk, Clapham, S.W.

Thursday morning.

DEAR MR. BELL,

I have at present no opportunity of judging your powers of persuasion. Are you quite "content to shine with borrowed light?"

Yours wonderingly,

FLORA NUGENT

XVI.

Telegram.

To { *Miss Flora Nugent,*
3, *Long Walk, Clapham.*

Just starting for Clapham. Am not satisfied with borrowing. Wish to have for my own. From JACK.

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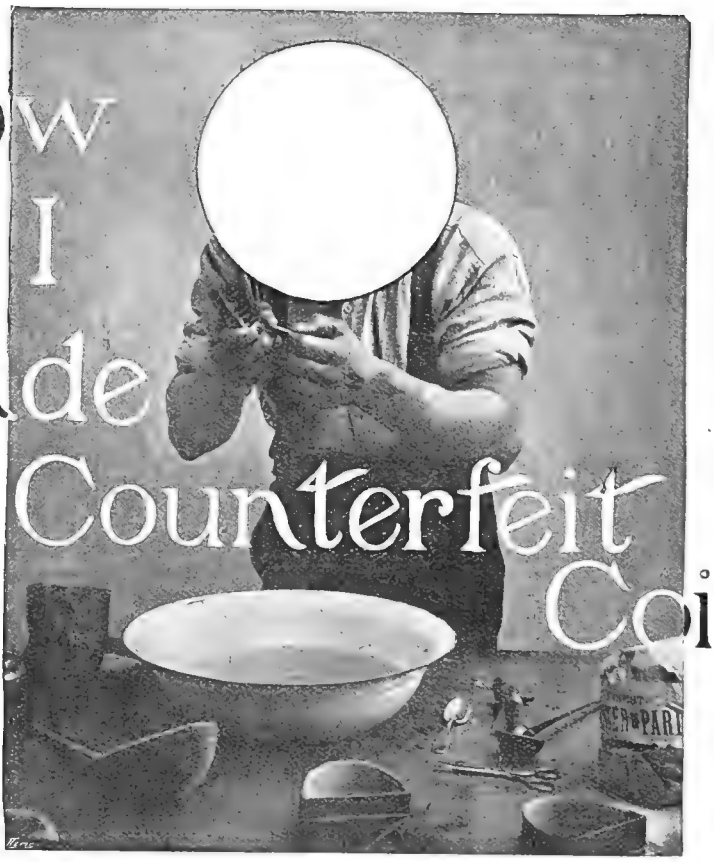
How I Made Counterfeit Coins



Cleaning the pattern coin before commencing operations.

By One who has done Time for it, and naturally does not wish his Face to be made known to the Public.

It is a popular notion that the manufacture of spurious coinage entails a large and complicated outfit. This idea has been mainly formulated by the capture of elaborate plant, from time to time, by the authorities. However, in these cases the operators have always been inexperienced men, new to the trade.

To the old and practised hand an elaborate plant is absolutely unnecessary. A few good tools, with the knowledge of their use, are really all that is essential. A big plant is not only cumbersome, taking up much valuable space, but also might easily lead to suspicion and consequent arrest.

There is one serious drawback to an otherwise skilful and not unremunerative profession. That is the necessity of accomplices. The burglar, the pickpocket, and the forger can always work alone and more or less in secret. But to the coiner, a second and third party is absolutely necessary, if he is to make his way. There is the agent, who receives the coins and purchases them, and, again, there are the "smashers," those men whose trade it is to pass off the coins on the easily deceived British public.

It is in the event of capture of either of these parties, and of their turning king's evidence, that the danger lies.

In manufacturing spurious coin, my first care was to choose a pattern coin, from which the mould was taken. The pattern had to be a good coin, of comparatively new issue—say, nine to twelve years old. An old coin would be too much rubbed, while a very new one might court suspicion. Hence, you see, care had to be taken.

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The first thing to be done is to cover a square of glass with a thin coating of Russian tallow. The pattern coin is pressed into the middle until it is quite flush with the tallowed surface.

Having chosen my coin, I carefully cleaned it from all grease and dirt, rubbed it with silver sand, and let a stream of cold water run over it for some time. I then dried and wrapped it up to prevent any small accumulation of dust in the crevices.

I then took a square of glass, absolutely true and level. Having cleaned it thoroughly, I covered it with a thin, smooth surface of Russian tallow. Then, taking the pattern coin, I pressed it firmly on to the glass in the middle, wrapping my hand in a cloth to avoid touching the coin more than was absolutely necessary. The coin had to be pressed quite flush with the glass, for, when the plaster was poured round, it might have slipped underneath the coin and spoilt the mould.

Cutting out in cardboard a small semi-circular framework or box, I placed it on the glass round the pattern coin stuck there. This box is known as a "border." The glass was now ready to receive the plaster, which I carefully mixed to such a consistency that it might readily be transferred to the glass with a spoon, and that it might set as quickly as possible. I always used the very best plaster of Paris for the moulds, since inferior qualities would give lumps and irregularities to the mixture.

Before pouring the plaster into the border I poured some round the

This photograph shows the counterfeit coin as it appears fresh from the mould. It is then clipped and milled.

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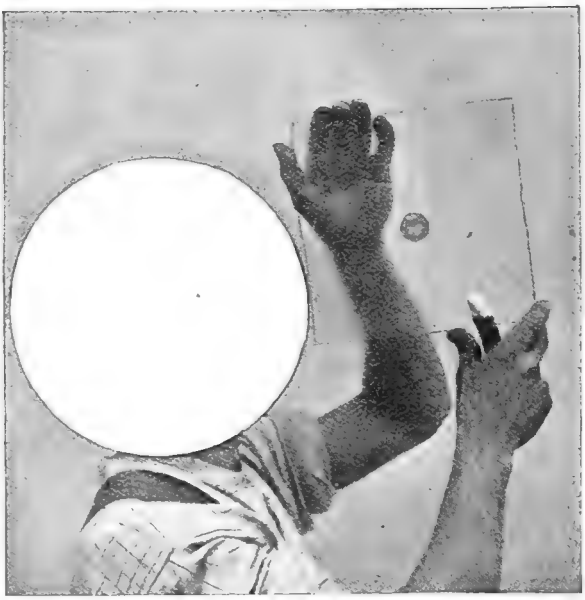
outside edge of the border. This, besides rendering the inside water-tight, served to hold the border in place and keep it firm.

When this outside plaster had set I poured more plaster gently on to the pattern coin, observing that it covered the coin evenly, and that no bubbles were allowed to loiter there. I could always see any deficiencies by raising the glass above my head and closely scrutinising the under-side of the pattern coin. I pressed the plaster round the coin carefully with a penknife, and put the mould, thus formed, aside to set, which usually took half-an-hour to accomplish. The mould is called "a trap" by coiners.

As soon as it was dry I took the border off and released "the trap" from the glass by melting the tallow spread over the glass surface. I trimmed



Holding the square of glass up to the light you can ascertain whether the pattern coin is quite flush with the glass.

The plaster is mixed to such a consistency that it may readily be transferred to the 'border,' a cardboard framework or box placed round the pattern coin.

the plaster and cut three grooves on the flat side from the edge to the centre. Holding "the trap" flat side uppermost I surrounded it with a new border, and poured more plaster on to the coin, and thus complete the mould, taking note that the grooves were well filled with plaster.

When this had set and the border had been removed, I dried the mould in front of the fire, to exclude all moisture that might be lurking in it. Then, separating the two halves of the mould, I took out the pattern coin, and cut in the mould a small V-shaped channel, through which to pour the molten pewter. Naturally, in extracting the coin from the mould, the greatest possible care had to be exercised, lest the imprint be injured in any way or the plaster chipped.

On the obverse of the mould I cut a similar channel and put away both pieces for a final drying. It is interesting to note that the best impressions give a peculiar gloss to the plaster, dear to the heart of the coiner.

Counterfeit coins are usually made of old pewters and leaden spoons. These are melted down in

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Holding "the border" above the head, any flaw in the mould can be detected and rectified before the plaster hardens.

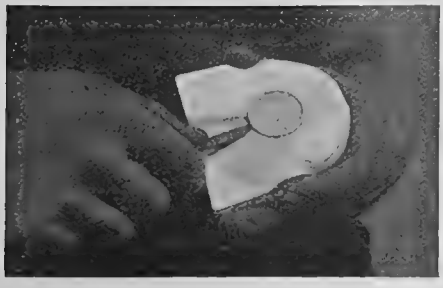
an earthenware pot, and cleansed from any dross or dirt by throwing into the pot a few pieces of tallow. Having tied the two pieces of the mould tightly together with cloth, I poured through the V-shaped channel, already described above, the molten pewter until it ran over the top.

After the metal had cooled, I took out the newly-made coin and trimmed it carefully.

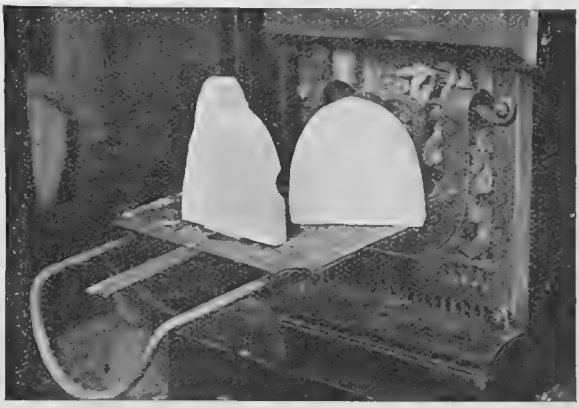
The edges, I found, were very rough and unkempt. The metal can be easily cut with scissors, and I clipped the edges of the coin carefully. With a file I put round the edge a mill or crimp, and the coin, thus trimmed and milled, was finished as far as the mould is concerned. It is good for the coiner that few coins have lettering round the edge, only a mill. The lettering would be a very hard business to contrive. A five shilling piece is, therefore, the most difficult coin to make.

The mould can be used for about twenty coins, but after that it begins to wear away too much for satisfactory use.

There was only one step left for me to take before sending out my coin to deceive the public. At the present stage it is almost black, and has a nasty greasy feeling about it, which would at once



The pattern coin easily slips out of the mould, when raised by a knife.



The two halves of the mould have to be dried in front of the fire before pouring in the fresh metal.

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The two halves of the mould are tied tightly together with cloth, and the molten pewter, from which the coins are made, is poured in through a prepared channel.

court suspicion. By means of a cork I thoroughly cleaned it with wet silver sand, scrubbing it hard on both sides. This took the grease off it, but its colour was still black. So I put it in a battery, and a slight deposit of silver was thrown on to it. Or, again, I could cover it carefully with a special silvering powder, which hid the tell-tale black underneath.

The coiner, who takes a pride in his work, must now polish the coin with a cloth and rub in lamp-black in the form of an oily solution. This gives it a general appearance of having been in circulation some time. The agent pays for the coins at the following somewhat unremunerative rates: For a load of shillings, twenty in a load, three and fourpence—twopence a coin; while for the florin and half-crown he gives six shillings to six and eightpence a load — double the price. For gold coins he will give eighteen-pence for a half-sovereign.

It is the easiest thing in the world to detect a counterfeit coin. If you turn it and examine the edge, you will immediately detect the fraud. For the imitation milling is, even to an unexpert eye, quite plainly evident when compared to the genuine mill.

The coiner's outfit is not necessarily a big affair; the smaller the better.

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By

Baroness E. Orczy.

Illustrated by

P. B.

Hickling.

THE LIVERPOOL MYSTERY.

Being the Third of a Series of Stories, "The Mysteries of Great Cities," told by the famous Man in the Corner.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man *in the corner, who tells the story to the* Lady Journalist.
Prince Semionicz.
His French Secretary.
Messrs. Winslow & Vassall (*Jewellers in Liverpool*).
Schwarz (*German assistant at Winslow & Vassall's*).

CHAPTER I.

"A title—a foreign title, I mean—is always very useful for purposes of swindles and frauds," remarked the man in the corner to me one day. "The cleverest robberies of modern times were perpetrated lately in Vienna by a man who dubbed himself Lord Seymour; whilst over here the same class of thief calls himself Count Something ending in 'o,' or Prince the other, ending in 'off.'"

"Fortunately for our hotel and lodging-house keepers over here," I replied, "they are beginning to be more alive to the ways of foreign swindlers, and look upon all titled gentry who speak broken English as possible swindlers or thieves."

"The result sometimes being exceedingly unpleasant to the real 'grands seigneurs' who honour this country at times with their visits," replied the man in the corner. "Now, take the case of Prince Semionicz, a man whose sixteen quarterings are duly recorded in Gotha, who carried enough luggage with him to pay for the use of every room in a hotel for at least a week, whose gold cigarette case with diamond and turquoise ornament was actually stolen without his taking the slightest trouble in trying to recover it; that same man was undoubtedly looked upon with suspicion by the manager of the Liverpool North-Western Hotel from the moment that his secretary—a dapper, somewhat vulgar little Frenchman—bespoke on behalf of his employer, with himself and a valet, the best suite of rooms the hotel contained.

"Obviously those suspicions were unfounded, for the little secretary, as soon as Prince Semionicz had arrived, deposited with the manager a pile of bank notes, also papers and bonds, the value of which would exceed tenfold the most outrageous bill that could possibly be placed before the noble visitor. Moreover, M. Albert Lambert explained that the Prince, who only meant to stay in Liverpool a few days, was on his way to Chicago, where he wished to visit Princess Anna Semionicz, his sister, who was married to Mr. Girwan, the great copper king and multi-millionaire.

"Yet, as I told you before, in spite of all

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these undoubted securities, suspicion of the wealthy Russian Prince lurked in the minds of most Liverpudlians who came in business contact with him. He had been at the North-Western two days when he sent his secretary to Winslow and Vassall, the jewellers of Bold Street, with a request that they would kindly send a representative round to the hotel with some nice pieces of jewellery, diamonds and pearls chiefly, which he was desirous of taking as a present to his sister in Chicago.

"Mr. Winslow took the order from M. Albert with a pleasant bow. Then he went to his inner office and consulted with his partner, Mr. Vassall, as to the best course to adopt. Both the gentlemen were desirous of doing business, for business had been very slack lately: neither wished to refuse a possible customer, or to offend Mr. Pettitt, the manager of the North-Western, who had recommended them to the Prince. But that foreign title and the vulgar little French secretary stuck in the throats of the two pompous and worthy Liverpool jewellers, and together they agreed, firstly, that no credit should be given; and, secondly, that if a cheque or even a banker's draft were tendered, the jewels were not to be given up until that cheque or draft was cashed.

"Then came the question as to who should take the jewels to the hotel. It was altogether against business etiquette for the senior partners to do such errands themselves; moreover it was thought that it would be easier for a clerk to explain without giving undue offence that he could not take the responsibility of a cheque or draft without having cashed it previously to giving up the jewels.

"Then there was the question of the probable necessity of conferring in a foreign tongue. The head assistant, Charles Needham, who had been in the employ of Winslow and Vassall for over twelve years, was, in true British fashion, ignorant of any language save his own; it was therefore decided to dispatch Mr. Schwarz, a young German clerk lately arrived.

"Mr. Schwarz was Mr. Winslow's nephew and godson, a sister of that gentleman having married the head of the great German firm of Schwarz & Co., silversmiths, of Hamburg and Berlin.

"The young man had soon become a great favourite with his uncle, whose heir he would presumably be, as Mr. Winslow had no children.

"At first Mr. Vassall made some demur about sending Mr. Schwarz with so many valuable jewels alone in a city which he had not yet had the time to study thoroughly; but finally he allowed himself to be persuaded by his senior partner, and a fine selection of necklaces, pendants, bracelets, and rings, amounting in value to over £16,000, having been made, it was decided that Mr. Schwarz should go to the North-Western in a cab the next day at about three o'clock in the afternoon. This he accordingly did, the following day being a Thursday.

"Business went on in the shop as usual under the direction of the head assistant, until about five o'clock Mr. Winslow returned from his club, where he usually spent an hour over the papers every afternoon, and asked for his nephew. To his astonishment Mr. Needham informed him that Mr. Schwarz had not yet returned. This seemed a little strange, and Mr. Winslow, with a slightly anxious look in his face, went in to consult his junior partner. Mr. Vassall offered to go round to the hotel and interview Mr. Pettitt.

"'I was beginning to get anxious myself," he said, 'but did not quite like to say so. I have been in over half-an-hour, hoping every moment that you would come in, and that perhaps you could give me some reassuring news. I thought that perhaps you had met Mr. Schwarz, and were coming back together.'

"However Mr. Vassall walked round to the hotel and interviewed the hall porter. The latter perfectly well remembered Mr. Schwarz sending in his card to Prince Semionicz.

"'At what time was that?' asked Mr. Vassall.

"'About ten minutes past three, sir, when he came; it was about an hour later when he left.'

"'When he left?' gasped, more than said, Mr. Vassall.

"'Yes, sir. Mr. Schwarz left here about a quarter before four, sir.'

"'Are you quite sure?'

"'Quite sure. Mr. Pettitt was in the hall when he left, and he asked him something about business. Mr. Schwarz laughed and said, "not bad." I hope there's nothing wrong, sir,' added the man.

"'Oh—er—nothing—thank you. Can I see Mr. Pettitt?'

"'Certainly, sir.'

"Mr. Pettitt, the manager of the hotel, shared Mr. Vassall's anxiety immediately when he heard that the young German had not yet returned home.

"'I spoke to him a little before four o'clock

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We had just switched on the electric light, which we always do these winter months at that hour. But I shouldn't worry myself, Mr. Vassall; the young man may have seen to some business on his way home. You'll probably find him in when you go back.'

"Apparently somewhat reassured, Mr. Vassall thanked Mr. Pettitt and hurried back to the shop, only to find that Mr. Schwarz had not returned, though it was now close on eight o'clock.

"Mr. Winslow looked so haggard and upset that it would have been cruel to heap reproaches upon his other troubles or to utter so much as the faintest suspicion that young Schwarz's permanent disappearance with £16,000 in jewels and money was within the bounds of probability.

"When he left?" gasped, more than said, Mr. Vassall.

"There was one chance left, but under the circumstances a very slight one indeed. The Winslows' private house was up the Birkenhead end of the town. Young Schwarz had been living with them ever since his arrival in Liverpool, and he may have—either not feeling well or for some other reason—gone straight home without calling at the shop. It was unlikely as valuable jewellery was never kept at the private house, but—it just might have happened.

"It would be useless," continued the man in the corner, "and decidedly uninteresting were I to relate to you Messrs. Winslow's and Vassall's further anxieties with regard to the missing young man. Suffice it to say that on reaching his private house Mr. Winslow found that his godson had neither returned nor sent any telegraphic message of any kind.

"Not wishing to needlessly alarm his wife, Mr. Winslow made an attempt at eating his dinner, but directly after he hurried back to the North-Western Hotel, and asked to see Prince Semionicz. The Prince was at the theatre with his secretary, and probably would not be home until nearly midnight.

"Mr. Winslow, then, not knowing what to think, nor yet what to fear, and in spite of the horror he felt of giving publicity to his

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nephew's disappearance, thought it his duty to go round to the police station and interview the inspector. It is wonderful how news of that type travels in a large city like Liverpool. Already the morning papers of the following day were full of the latest sensation: 'Mysterious disappearance of a well-known tradesman.'

"Mr. Winslow found a copy of the paper containing the sensational announcement on his breakfast-table. It lay side by side with a letter addressed to him in his nephew's hand writing, which had been posted in Liverpool.

II.

"Mr. Winslow placed that letter, written to him by his nephew, into the hands of the police. Its contents, therefore, quickly became public property. The astounding statements made therein by Mr. Schwarz created, in quiet, business-like Liverpool, a sensation which has seldom been equalled.

"It appears that the young fellow did call on Prince Semionicz at a quarter past three on Wednesday, December 10th, with a bag full of jewels, amounting in value to some £16,000. The prince duly admired, and finally selected from among the ornaments, a necklace, pendant and bracelet, the whole being priced by Mr. Schwarz, according to his instructions, at £10,500. Prince Semionicz was most prompt and business-like in his dealings.

"'You will require immediate payment for these, of course,' he said in perfect English, 'and I know you business men prefer solid cash to cheques, especially when dealing with foreigners. I always provide myself with plenty of Bank of England notes in consequence,' he added with a pleasant smile, 'as £10,500 in gold would perhaps be a little inconvenient to carry. If you will kindly make out the receipt my secretary, M. Lambert, will settle all business matters with you.'

"He thereupon took the jewels he had selected and locked them up in his dressing case, the beautiful silver fittings of which Mr. Schwarz just caught a short glimpse of. Then, having been accommodated with paper and ink, the young jeweller made out the account and receipt whilst M. Lambert, the secretary, counted out before him 105 crisp Bank of England notes of £100 each. Then, with a final bow to his exceedingly urbane and eminently satisfactory customer, Mr. Schwarz took his leave. In the hall he saw and spoke to Mr. Pettitt, and then he went out into the street.

"He had just left the hotel and was about to cross towards St. George's Hall when a gentleman, in a magnificent fur coat, stepped quickly out of a cab which had been stationed near the kerb, and touching him lightly upon the shoulder said with an unmistakable air of authority, at the same time handing him a card:

"'That is my name. I must speak with you immediately.

"Schwarz glanced at the card and by the light of the arc lamps above his head read on it the name of 'Dimitri Slaviansky Burgreneff, De la IIIe Section Police Imperial de S. M. le Czar.'

"Quickly the owner of the unpronounceable name and the significant titles, pointed to the cab from which he had just alighted, and Schwarz, whose every suspicion with regard to his princely customer bristled up in one moment, clutched his bag and followed his imposing interlocutor; as soon as they were both comfortably seated in the cab the latter began with courteous apology in broken but fluent English:

"'I must ask your pardon, sir, for thus trespassing upon your valuable time, and I certainly should not have done so but for the certainty that our interests in a certain matter which I have in hand are practically identical, in so far that we both should wish to outwit a clever rogue.'

"Instinctively, and his mind full of terrible apprehension, Mr. Schwarz's hand wandered to his pocket-book filled to overflowing with the bank-notes which he had so lately received from the Prince.

"'Ah, I see,' interposed the courteous Russian with a smile, 'he has played the confidence trick on you, with the usual addition of so many so-called bank-notes.'

"'So-called,' gasped the unfortunate young man.

"'I don't think I often err in my estimate of my own countrymen,' continued M. Burgreneff; 'I have vast experience, you must remember. Therefore, I doubt if I am doing M.—er—what does he call himself?—Prince something—an injustice if I assert, even without handling those crisp bits of paper you have in your pocket-book, that no bank would exchange them for gold.'

"Remembering his uncle's suspicion and his own, Mr. Schwarz cursed himself for his blindness and folly in accepting notes so easily without for a moment imagining that they might be false. Now, with everyone of those suspicions fully on the alert, he felt the bits of paper with nervous, anxious fingers,

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while the imperturbable Russian calmly struck a match.

"'See here,' he said, pointing to one of the notes, 'the shape of that "w" in the signature of the chief cashier. I am not an English police officer, but I could pick out that spurious "w" among a thousand genuine ones. You see, I have seen a good many.'

"Now, of course, poor young Schwarz had not seen very many Bank of England notes. He could not have told whether one 'w' in Mr. Bowen's signature is better than another, but, though he did not speak English nearly as fluently as his pompous interlocutor, he understood every word of the appalling statement the latter had just made.

"'Then that Prince,' he said, 'at the hotel?——'

"'Is no more Prince than you and I, my dear sir,' concluded the gentleman of His Imperial Majesty's police, calmly.

"'And the jewels? Mr. Winslow's jewels?'

"'With the jewels there may be a chance—oh! a mere chance. These forged bank notes, which you accepted so trustingly, may prove the means of recovering your property.'

"'How?'

"'The penalty of forging and circulating spurious bank notes is very heavy. You know that. The fear of seven years' penal servitude will act as a wonderful sedative upon the—er—Prince's joyful mood. He will give up the jewels to me all right enough, never you fear. He knows,' added the Russian officer grimly, 'that there are plenty of old scores to settle up, without the additional one of forged bank notes. Our interests, you see, are identical. May I rely on your co-operation?'

"'Oh, I will do as you wish,' said the delighted young German. 'Mr. Winslow and Mr. Vassall, they trusted me, and I have been such a fool. I hope it is not too late.'

"'I think not,' said M. Burgreneff, his hand already on the door of the cab. 'Though I have been talking to you I have kept an eye on the hotel, and our friend the Prince has not yet gone out. We are accustomed, you know, to have eyes everywhere, we of the Russian secret police. I don't think that I will ask you to be present at the confrontation. Perhaps you will wait for me in the cab. There is a nasty fog outside, and you

When a gentleman, in a magnificent fur coat, stepped quickly out of a cab which had been stationed near the kerb.

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He showed him the jewels, the receipt he held, and also a large bundle of bank notes.

will be more private. Will you give me those beautiful banknotes? Thank you! Don't be anxious. I won't be long.'

"He lifted his hat, and slipped the notes into the inner pocket of his magnificent fur coat. As he did so, Mr. Schwarz caught sight of a rich uniform and a wide sash, which no doubt was destined to carry additional moral weight with the clever rogue upstairs.

"Then His Imperial Majesty's police officer stepped quickly out of the cab, and Mr. Schwarz was left alone.

III.

"YES, left severely alone," continued the man in the corner with a sarcastic chuckle. "So severely alone in fact that one quarter of an hour after another passed by and still the magnificent police officer in the gorgeous uniform did not return. Then, when it was too late, Schwarz cursed himself once again for the double-dyed idiot that he was. He had been only too ready to believe that Prince Semionicz was a liar and a rogue, and under these unjust suspicions he had fallen an all too easy prey to one of the most cunning rascals he had ever come across.

"An inquiry from the hall porter at the North-Western elicited the fact that no such personage as Mr. Schwarz described had entered the hotel. The young man asked to see Prince Semionicz, hoping against hope that all was not yet lost. The Prince received him most courteously; he was dictating some letters to his secretary, while the valet was in the next room preparing his master's evening clothes. Mr. Schwarz found it very difficult to explain what he actually did want.

"There stood the dressing-case in which the Prince had locked up the jewels, and there the bag from which the secretary had taken the bank-notes. After much hesitation on Schwarz's part and much impatience on that of the Prince, the young man blurted out the whole story of the so-called Russian police officer whose card he still held in his hand.

"The Prince, it appears, took the whole thing wonderfully good-naturedly; no doubt he thought the jeweller a hopeless fool. He showed him the jewels, the receipt he held, and also a large bundle of bank-notes similar to those Schwarz had with such culpable folly given up to the clever rascal in the cab.

"'I pay all my bills with Bank of England notes, Mr. Schwarz. It would have been wiser, perhaps, if you had spoken to the

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manager of the hotel about me before you were so ready to believe any cock-and-bull story about my supposed rogueries.'

"Finally he placed a small 16mo volume before the young jeweller, and said with a pleasant smile:

"'If people in this country who are in a large way of business, and are therefore likely to come in contact with people of foreign nationality, were to study these little volumes before doing business with any foreigner who claims a title, much disappointment and a great loss would often be saved. Now in this case had you looked up page 797 of this little volume of Gotha's Almanac you would have seen my name in it and known from the first that the so-called Russian detective was a liar.'

"There was nothing more to be said, and Mr. Schwarz left the hotel. No doubt now that he had been hopelessly duped; he dared not go home and half hoped by communicating with the police that they might succeed in arresting the thief before he had time to leave Liverpool. He interviewed Detective-Inspector Watson, and was at once confronted with the awful difficulty which would make the recovery of the bank-notes practically hopeless. He had never had the time or opportunity of jotting down the numbers of the notes.

"Mr. Winslow, though terribly wrathful against his nephew, did not wish to keep him out of his home. As soon as he had received Schwarz's letter, he traced him, with Inspector Watson's help, to his lodgings in North Street, where the unfortunate young man meant to remain hidden until the terrible storm had blown over, or perhaps until the thief had been caught red-handed with the booty still in his hands.

"This happy event, needless to say, never did occur, though the police made every effort to trace the man who had decoyed Schwarz into the cab. His appearance was such an uncommon one; it seemed most unlikely that no one in Liverpool should have noticed him after he left that cab. The wonderful fur coat, the long beard, all must have been noticeable, even though it was past four o'clock on a somewhat foggy December afternoon.

"But every investigation proved futile; no one answering Schwarz's description of the man had been seen anywhere. The papers continued to refer to the case as "the Liverpool Mystery." Scotland Yard sent Mr. Fairburn down—the celebrated detective—at the request of the Liverpool police, to help in the investigations, but nothing availed.

"Prince Semionicz with his suite left Liverpool, and he who had attempted to blacken his character, and had succeeded in robbing Messrs. Winslow and Vassall of £10,500, had completely disappeared."

IV.

THE man in the corner re-adjusted his collar and necktie, which, during the narrative of this interesting mystery, had worked its way up his long, crane-like neck under his large flappy ears. His costume of checked tweed of a peculiarly loud pattern had tickled the fancy of some of the waitresses who were standing gazing at him and giggling in one corner. This evidently made him nervous. He gazed up very meekly at me, looking for all the world like a bald-headed adjutant dressed for a holiday.

"Of course, at first all sorts of theories of the theft got about. One of the most popular, and at the same time most quickly exploded, being that young Schwarz had told a cock-and-bull story, and was the actual thief himself.

"However, as I said before that was very quickly exploded, as Mr. Schwarz, senior, a very wealthy merchant, never allowed his son's carelessness to be a serious loss to his kind employers. As soon as he thoroughly grasped all the circumstances of the extraordinary case, he drew a cheque for £10,500 and remitted it to Messrs. Winslow and Vassall. It was just, but it was also high-minded.

"All Liverpool knew of the generous action, as Mr. Winslow took care that it should; and any evil suspicion regarding young Mr. Schwarz vanished as quickly as it had come.

"Then, of course, there was the theory about the Prince and his suite, and to this day I fancy there are plenty of people in Liverpool, and also in London, who declare that the so-called Russian police officer was a confederate. No doubt that theory was very plausible, and Messrs. Winslow and Vassall spent a good deal of money in trying to prove a case against the Russian Prince.

"Very soon, however, that theory was also bound to collapse. Mr. Fairburn, whose reputation as an investigator of crime waxes in direct inverted ratio to his capacities, did hit upon the obvious course of interviewing the managers of the larger London and Liverpool *agents-de-change*. He soon found that Prince Semionicz had converted a great deal of Russian and French money into English banknotes since his arrival in this

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country a few days ago. More than £30,000 in good, solid honest money, was traced to the pockets of the gentleman with the sixteen quarterings. It seemed, therefore, more than improbable, that a man who was obviously fairly wealthy would risk imprisonment and hard labour, if not worse, for the sake of increasing his fortune by £10,000.

"However, the theory of the Prince's guilt has taken firm root in the dull minds of our police authorities. They have had every information with regard to Prince Semionicz's antecedents from Russia; his position, his wealth, have been placed above suspicion, and yet they suspect and go on suspecting him or his secretary. They have communicated with the police of every European capital; and while they still hope to obtain sufficient evidence against those they suspect, they calmly allow the guilty to enjoy the fruit of his clever roguery."

"The guilty?" I said. "Who do you think—?"

"Who do I think knew at that moment that young Schwarz had money in his possession?" he said excitedly, wriggling in his chair like a jack in the box. "Obviously someone was guilty of that theft who knew that Schwarz had gone to interview a rich Russian and would in all probability return with a large sum of money in his possession?"

"Who, indeed, but the Prince and his secretary?" I argued. "But just now you said—"

"Just now I said that the police were determined to find the Prince and his secretary guilty; they did not look further than their own stumpy noses. Messrs. Winslow and Vassall spent money with a free hand in those investigations. Mr. Winslow, as the senior partner, stood to lose over £9000 by that robbery. Now with Mr. Vassall it was different.

"When I saw how the police went on blundering in this case I took the trouble to make certain inquiries, the whole thing interested me so much, and I learnt all that I wished to know. I found out, namely, that Mr. Vassall was very much a junior partner in the firm, that he only drew ten per cent. of the profits, having been promoted lately to a partnership from having been senior assistant.

"Now the police did not take the trouble to find that out."

"But you don't mean that—"

"I mean that in all cases where robbery affects more than one person the first thing to find out is whether it affects the second party equally with the first. I proved that to you, didn't I, over that robbery in Phillimore Terrace. There, as here, one of the two parties stood to lose very little in comparison with the other—"

"Even then—" I began.

"Wait a moment, for I found out something more. The moment I had ascertained that Mr. Vassall was not drawing more than about £500 a year from the business profits I tried to ascertain at what rate he lived and what were his chief vices. I found that he kept a fine house in Albert Terrace. Now the rents of those houses are £250 a year. Therefore speculation, horse-racing or some sort of gambling, must help to keep up that establishment. Speculation and most forms of gambling are synonymous with debt and ruin. It is only a question of time. Whether Mr. Vassall was in debt or not at the time that I cannot say, but this I do know that ever since that unfortunate loss to him of about £1000 he has kept his house in nicer style than before, and he now has a good banking account at the Lancashire and Liverpool bank, which he opened a year after his 'heavy loss.'"

"But it must have been very difficult—" I argued.

"What?" he said. "To have planned out the whole thing? For carrying it out was mere child's play. He had twenty-four hours in which to put his plan into execution. Why, what was there to do? Firstly, to go to a local printer in some out of the way part of the town and get him to print a few cards with the high-sounding name. That, of course, is done 'while you wait.' Beyond that there was the purchase of a good second-hand uniform, fur coat, and a beard and a wig from a costumier's.

"No, no, the execution was not difficult; it was the planning of it all, the daring that was so fine. Schwarz, of course, was a foreigner; he had only been in England a little over a fortnight. Vassall's broken English misled him; probably he did not know the junior partner very intimately. I have no doubt that but for his uncle's absurd British prejudice and suspicions against the Russian Prince, Schwarz would not have been so ready to believe in the latter's roguery. As I said, it would be a great boon if English tradesmen studied Gotha more; but it was clever, wasn't it? I couldn't have done it much better myself."

That last sentence was so characteristic. I wished I could render its supreme overwhelming self-conceit. Before I could think of some plausible argument against his theory he was gone, and I was trying vainly to find another solution to the Liverpool mystery.

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DERBY DAY

By
Lieut-Col.
Newnham-
Davis.

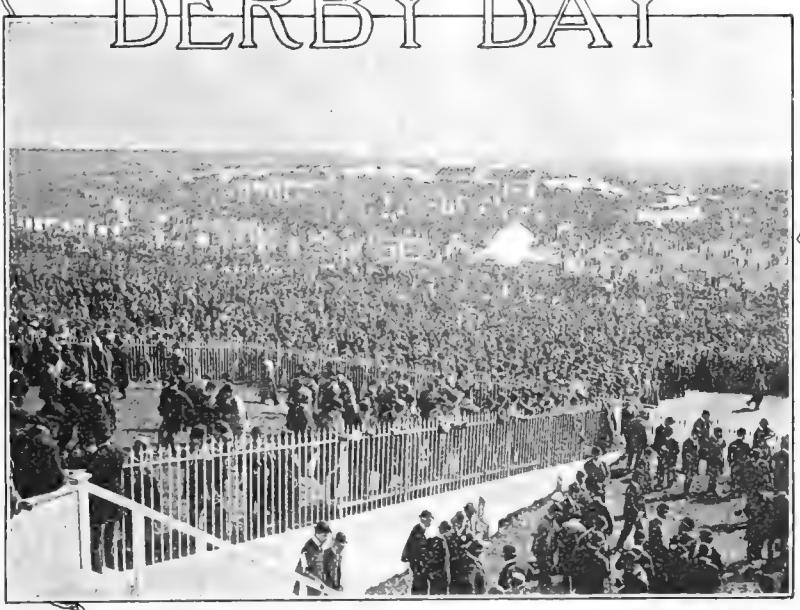

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

The Hill at Epsom on Derby Day.

In the good old days, which generally means a time so far back that nobody remembers all its discomforts, all the world used to go down to the Derby by road, and green veils, false noses, penny trumpets, a vast amount of dust, and a proportionate amount of liquid refreshment at wayside hostelries, all came under the heading of the "fun of the road."

The railways, however, have made the journey to Epsom so easy that now for every one man who drives down fifty go by train, and, as you and I are not millionaires and do not own a coach, and do not care to pay the necessary guineas for seats on one of the many drags and road coaches that run to Epsom on Derby Day from the Victoria and other big hotels, we will make our arrangements to go down by train, trust to luck to find hospitable hosts to give us lunch, and see the race from the hill.

We have been landed at the new station not far from Tattenham Corner, and have joined the stream of pedestrians setting over the rough grass, under a June sun, towards the course. Our companions for the moment, all going eagerly in the same direction, are very good samples of the components of a Derby crowd.

Those two young clerks, who are so pleased with themselves that they execute a little step dance at intervals, have been given a holiday from the counting house because it is Derby Day. The little, freckled man in a frock coat and a bowler hat carrying a stone jar which undoubtedly contains beer is, I am sure, a tradesman in a very small way of business, and the rubicund and large proportioned lady who is carrying a baby and leading a child is his wife. The haughty gentleman in a silk hat and and a grey frock coat is going to join a coaching party on the Downs. The couple of men in white hats, coats with great pearl buttons, satchels, and a roll of canvas, are bookmakers—we shall hear their voices before long.

The girl in a black straw hat and little brown coat, with a basket covered with a towel, is a flower girl who is bringing her fresh, sweet-scented wares down from Covent Garden. The gentleman in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers was in his day a well known athlete; he is taking his son, the little fellow in an Eton jacket and broad, white collar, to see his first Derby. Two Guardsmen and a sailor put a touch of colour into the throng by the red and blue of tunic and jacket.

The thin streams of pedestrians are moving now in two

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directions, towards the stands and towards the hill. Over there, to your right, the great white masses seen dimly through the shimmer of the heated, dust-laden atmosphere are the stands; we shall see them closer before long. There before us on the swell of the Downs is a swarm of humanity that at this distance looks like a disturbed ants' nest; the white dots in the swarm being tents, the tiny coloured blocks being coaches and carriages already in position. We will make for the hill at once, for there the excitement of the day is beginning.

Button up your coat and have a heed to your pockets, for pickpockets come to the Derby as well as honest people. Pay no heed to the old gipsy who wants to stop you, and who suggests that sixpence given to her baby will bring the pretty gentleman luck, escape from that other old woman who wants to brush your coat, and get into the outward current of the thick crowd that is squeezed into a narrow space left between the long line of carriages and coaches and a couple of stands and the bright-coloured tents of the clubs.

Horses are being led away by helpers in shirt sleeves, coaches are being backed into position with much of "there she goes" and "now all together" from the pushers, and a great deal of unnecessary advice from lookers-on. There is the sound of banjoes and of a harp and of choruses, a girl's shrill voice singing a comic song dominates by its sharpness all the other noises, and from the other side of the barricade of the vehicles comes a clatter and roar of voices where the ready-money bookmakers are shouting their odds for the first race. The noise is confusing now, but nothing to what it will be later in the day. Do not look about you. Only press through to the clear space before us on the shoulder of the hill.

"Look out!" "Here comes one!" With whip-thong flashing over the leaders and the four horses straining on the traces at a gallop a coach comes bounding up the hill. The lady on the box seat has her mouth tight shut, and another lady on the seat behind her is holding on to the rail, but the men on the coach are laughing in the pleasure of the rush through the air.

From this spot we can see everything excellently and will run no risk of being

Photo by F. Frith.

Epsom is a little country town, but on Derby Day it is crowded enough.

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Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

Carriage horses enjoying a well-earned rest after the dusty drive down.

galloped over. Yonder on the rise, across the chalky dip in the downs, is the course; you can see the white rails that edge it. That building on the near side of the track is a private stand; the green hedge and palings mark the inclosure of the paddock. Through an opening in the rails a mass of coaches and carriages and great char-a-bancs and light carts is moving across the race-track. Most of the carts and the big public vehicles turn off the road and move alongside the course, trying to find a space near the rails, but the coaches hold straight on along the white way that leads down into the dip, pulling up in turn just before the steepest part of the slope is reached until the road before them is clear. In the dip there are two gate posts, and here a couple of policemen stand, and the official gate-keeper takes a toll of gold from each carriage and each coach that passes through.

A groom is dropped from each coach, who runs on and pays the couple of sovereigns, and then, with the brake hard on at first, the driver lets his horses go down hill at trot and hand-gallop, the coach flashes through the posts, and then, encouraged by voice and whip, the team races up the slope on to the hill, and the crowd cheer.

Here comes one of the road coaches, the "Old Times," with an amateur whip driving. "Well driven, sir! Well driven!" Now it is the turn of a regimental brake. Now a private coach comes tearing down, and the leaders, taking fright at a swing, shy right across the road. For a second it looks as though there must be an upset; but the man on the box is an old hand. He shouts to his horses, the lash of the whip flies out, the brake is put hard on; there is just one moment when the wheelers and leaders seem to form one confused group, and then the team straightens out and comes rushing up the

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

A lunch on a coach at the Derby is not the least pleasant of things.

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Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

The foliage of the Paddock is cool and pleasant after the heat of the sun.

hill. That driver deserves a very hearty cheer.

The course is being cleared now for the first race. A line of policemen moves slowly and steadily along the track, and the crowd seems to melt away right and left before it, leaving the broad, paper-strewn space between the rails clear. Now we can see the long line of stands, rising in tiers of white balconies, and crowded to their full holding capacity. Those dots of colour are the ladies in the boxes; that other coloured band, which looks like the "hundreds and thousands" with which cakes are adorned, is the line of the stalls.

There, where a square of humanity is closer packed than elsewhere, is Tattersall's ring. That small stand, with a lawn before it, is the Royal box; and down that narrow way leading to the course our King went to lead in his horse when, as Prince of Wales, he won the Derby.

A shout of "They're off!" a sudden turning of all heads towards the course, a confused shouting of horse's names, and we can just catch a glimpse of some coloured spots flashing past close to the rails over yonder, where the winning post is. The first race is over, and we have seen next to nothing of it. That matters little, however. We have come to see the Derby, and so long as we get a good view of the big race, the other contests on the card matter little to us.

It is lunch time now. A good-natured Artilleryman has asked me to bring you to the Gunners' regimental tent; we have been invited also to the tent organised by "the Stores," and Clubland also has offered to open hospitable doors to us; so, if you like, we will make our way to the long line of white pavilions and coloured awnings that crown the hill. But I also know of a most hospitable coach, at the luncheon table attached to which we shall, I know, be welcome.

Which is it to be, tent or coach? Coach. Very well. We will, however,

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

Strolling back to the course after inspecting the Derby favourite.

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From the Jockey Club inclosure there is a fine view to be had of the course.

give our hosts time to eat their own lunch first, for tables at race meetings are small, though viands are plentiful, and the late comer among guests is always sure of a warmer welcome than the early one. Therefore we will make a tour of the carriages and coaches before we ask for lunch.

On the shoulder of the hill the coaches are massed four and five deep, and it would seem as though every coach old and new that is to be found in London is here. There are the road coaches with their red or yellow bodies and gold lettering, and the private coaches and those belonging to regiments, quiet in colour, perfect in polish, with a monogram, or a crest, or the regimental badge on the doors. Further on in the line are the carriages, and the hansoms with muslin dust curtains, and the smart dog-carts, and here and there an automobile is wedged in amidst the other vehicles.

Volodyovski, the winner of the 1901 Derby, the property of Lady Meux, but run by Mr. W. C. Whitney. Lester Reiff was the jockey.

Below the broad line of carriages the bookmakers have their stands. On their canvas banners are their names and the names of the towns they come from, and as often as not announcements that honesty and civility are the firm's characteristics, or that long prices and prompt payment

Photos by W. W. Rouch & Co.

Something like a crowd!

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Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

Epsom is the only course on which the spectators are allowed to walk between the races.

may be found beneath this particular standard, or a legend or motto, such as "The Old Firm and the Old Pitch."

In white hats, or straw hats decorated with rainbow ribbons, or "bowlers" with the curliest of brims, in coaching coats, or Ascot suits, or in bright coloured shirt sleeves, or with broad bands of glistening coins across their breasts — any method, in fact, of making themselves conspicuous — the bookmakers stand, each with his list, on which are the horses' names and the odds against them, each with his clerk, dressed like himself, entering the bets in a book, and every man of them shouts at the top of his raucous voice stating the odds he is prepared to lay. Below the bookmakers, further down on the slope, are some ugly canvas erections—gipsy tents

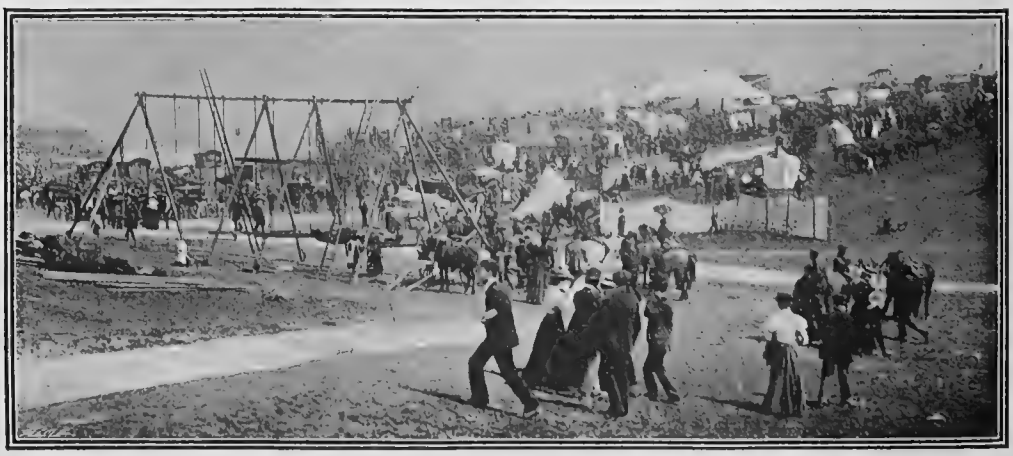

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

The fun of the Fair. Epsom Downs on Derby Day have much the same appearance as Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday.

Google

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

The Derby of 1901. Veronese and Lord Bobs going out for the race, amidst the plaudits of the multitude.

and temporary stabling for horses—and then the ground rises again to the course and the line of carriages and coaches and carts and char-a-bancs that are drawn up near the rails.

Round about the carriages and coaches on the hill a dense crowd moves, thrusting through the narrow lanes, watching the lunch parties, listening to the musicians. In the hansom cabs the couples sit eating their salmon and drinking their champagne, and the driver, who has climbed up into his box seat, is busy with his lobster and bottled beer. In the barouches and victorias the hampers have been unpacked.

By the coaches, tables have been set out. Some hosts send down a cart and have a tent pitched in which a set luncheon is spread, some have on and in the coaches the material for making a little lunch-table on the grass sheltered by an umbrella-like covering, others spread their table-cloths on the roofs of the coaches. Everywhere there is the clinking of glasses, the rattle of knives and forks, and the popping of corks.

This is the hour during which the musicians and the entertainers reap their harvest. That burnt-cork minstrel in a tiny Scotch cap and a kilt of exaggerated proportions is Squash. His Highland finery was given him when a horse with a Scottish name was a favourite for the Derby. Squash is a licensed libertine in the matter of chaff, and his remarks are often much funnier than his songs. That girl in black velvet singing to a harp accompaniment is to be seen on all the racecourses.

There are half-a-dozen troupes of negro

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

Tod Sloan, the American jockey, crossing the Paddock, the usual admiring crowd following him.

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Photo by The Standard Photo Co.

Diamond Jubilee, the King's horse, winning the Derby in 1900.

minstrels, a little band of guitarists, a girl who sings comic songs in costume, an Irishman with a shillelagh, a sword swallower, a Zulu who flings reeds into the air, a man who makes wire brooches forming any initials, a clown on stilts who catches pennies in his hat, and a host of fortune-tellers, and gipsy women with babies, and flower sellers and pedlars who sell dolls, and "runners" who go round the coaches telling what odds are being laid in the ring and sometimes making bets for the occupants of the coaches.

Here is the coach at which we are expected, and a warm welcome and a dainty feast, neatly packed in china square dishes, laid out under the pink and white awning. There is another race to be run before the big race of the day, and when the roar of voices tells us that the horses have started we can leave our lunch for a minute or two and climb up on to the coach to see the finish.

Shall we go into the paddock before the big race is run? A ticket costs half a guinea, but we shall see in comfort all the favourites for the Derby, and the Epsom paddock is a place where one meets acquaintances from all parts of the earth, men whom one has last seen in the jungle in India, on the path over a Chinese rice swamp, or in an Australian sheep-shearing shed. It is worth the money, so let us take our tickets at the gate and go in.

The start for the Derby is a pretty sight; but, as we cannot see both start and finish, I will tell you what you would be likely to view if you went down to the starting-post, and you shall decide whether we shall see the start or the finish. At the starting-post there is a little wood on the far side of the course, and on the near side a line of carriages close to the rails, and a small crowd occupying every point of vantage. Up to the webbed frail barrier of the starting-gate come the horses and their riders, the many-coloured silks showing beautifully against the green of the wood.

There are always one or two fractious or vicious animals who turn round, or who jib and will not come up into line, and back the line of horses is sent again and again until the phalanx moves up in perfect order. The starter, when at last they are in perfect line, presses a button, and the webbing shoots up overhead, the man a hundred yards up the course drops his white flag, and the race has commenced.

You would prefer to see the finish of the race, and I think you are right. We will climb up on to the hospitable coach beneath whose shade we had lunch, and find standing room at the back.

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The course has been cleared, and now the crowd has become like one individual, for the same emotions are moving all the gathered hundreds of thousands.

"They are off!" "No!" You can hear the words as though one voice spoke them, and then, after a pause, a great throb of sound tells that the race has at last been started. Keep your eyes fixed on the turn of the course—there, on the rising ground. That is Tattenham Corner, and there the horses will first come into sight. How long the wait seems! Yet it can be counted by seconds.

"Here they are!" Round the turn the dots of colour come swinging. "Where is the favourite?" "It's anyone's race yet." A babel, a tumult of sound greater than any we have heard before, has sprung up. You do not know that you are talking and shouting for your favourite horse, calling on your jockey to make an effort, but you are, and half a million other people are doing the same.

Close by the rails, past the winning-post, come flying the coloured jackets three or four in a bunch, the horses almost head and head; then a single speck of colour, then another group. A great silence falls on the multitude, and it seems an age before the numbers are hoisted on the board. Now, see down there, near the winning-post, they have been put up, and the roar of cheering shows that the winning horse and its owner are immensely popular with the crowd.

Look how the black mass of humanity surges on to the course, moving towards the stands to cheer the winner as the jockey comes to weigh in. There they are, man and horse, escorted by a mounted policeman with a score of constables on foot clearing a way through the crowd. Now the owner of the horse is coming down to lead him in. Mark the extraordinary effect of the thousands of straw hats all being waved at once and hear what a thunder of cheers comes up from that dark living flood.

The Derby is over. The big race of the year has been run and won. We will bid our hosts of the day good-bye and take a tour through the canvas town of booths; look at the swings and roundabouts, the "coker shies," the figures one throws balls at, the shooting galleries, the roundabouts and the scores of museums and shows of fat ladies, mermaids, strong men, and strange animals before we tramp across the downs to the railway station and take train for London.

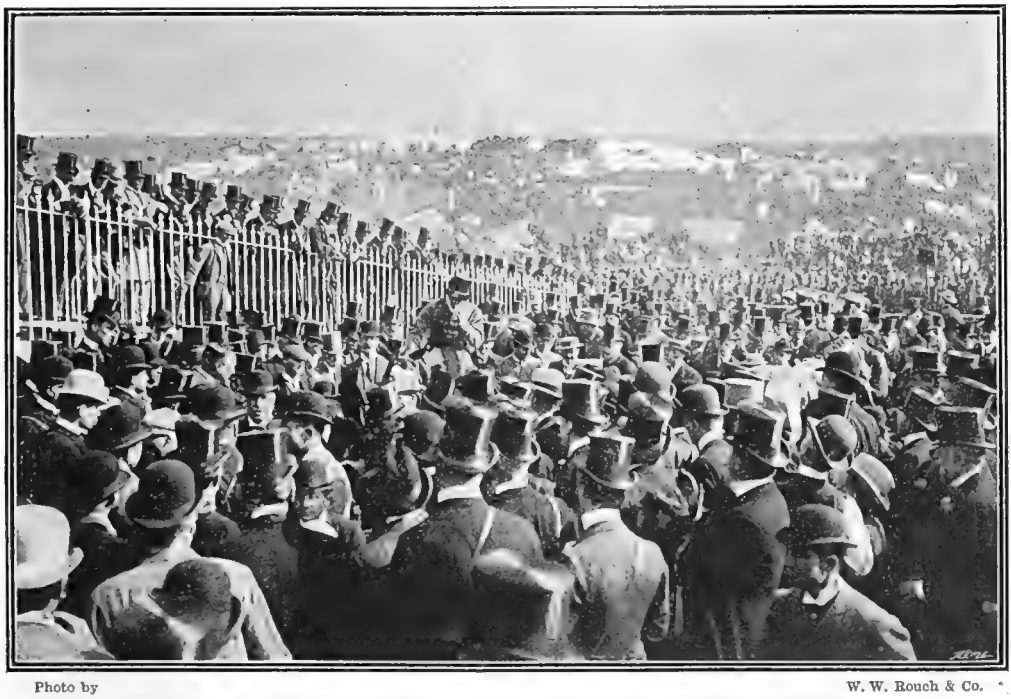

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

After the race. The winner being led by his owner through the crowd to the weighing-room.

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THE STRATAGEM OF DOCTOR DICK

A Cricket Story.

By Charles Igglesden.

His relatives and closest friends called him Dick, his chums Doc, and those who knew him neither as Dick nor Doc hailed him as Doctor Dick. He possessed a surname, as evidenced by the brass plate on the gate of the garden that encircled his village home, but if you asked a native of Great Cockleton where Dr. Armstrong lived, the answer would probably be, with a scratch of the head and after a pause: "Oh, I 'spose as how you mean Doctor Dick. He lives down there. But if ye want ter find him quick-like you'd best look in at the Bonny Cravat."

As for Doctor Dick's professional capacity I can say very little. He seemed to be a happy sort of practitioner, looking upon influenza as a god-send to the medical fraternity, not that his patients ever suffered from this new disease, but it enabled him to diagnose every ailment that he did not understand as influenza, and treat it accordingly.

As a devotee of sport none could beat him. He played an average game of billiards, and won many a game when, unseen, he was able to smudge the tip of his opponent's cue with tobacco. He rode to hounds, and when not in at the death was to be found consoling the inner man at a neighbouring wayside inn, where he was voted a rare good sort because he was not averse to making others drink as well as himself.

But it is of his prowess in the cricket field, or rather the cleverness with which he piloted Great Cockleton to victory, that the following incident deals. He always captained the team, chose an umpire who understood that by hook or by crook Cockleton must win, sometimes squared the other umpire, advised the lightning bowler of the village to "pitch 'em short," especially when the wicket was bumpy, and in other innocent ways succeeded in smashing up the other elevens of the district.

Thus by the month of August Great Cockleton had won every match, and on Saturday next the adjoining village of Little Dingleden was to come over and try conclusions. On this Thursday afternoon Doctor Dick was sunning himself in the porch of the Bonny Cravat, with flannel-covered legs outstretched, the sides of a light frock-coat dangling in the dust on either side, and a white top hat perched at the back of his bullet head.

"So the beggars growl because I got an outsider last week, do they?" he asked of a rather tall man with a face the colour of a peony and cheeks as soft as a baby's.

"Yes, Doc," replied the tall man, whose name was Claude de Lisle, who lived "retired," and allowed his wife to take in lodgers "to occupy her time," and who occupied his own time by smoking bad cigars and managing the politics of the village. "Yes, Doc," he repeated, "they swear they'll lick us on Saturday, and from what I can hear there's a deep plot on foot."

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"Plot, is it?" rejoined the Doctor. "Then I'm game. But what's it like, Duval?" He always called his chum by that heroic name.

"Why, from what I hear about it through Billy the postman, they are getting a couple of swells down from London."

"Greased lightning!" exclaimed the Doctor.

None of the trio spoke for some minutes. They puffed at their pipes. The news was serious. Not once had Great Cockleton been beaten this season, as I said before, and Doctor Dick had a big wager on hand. The chances were heavy against his winning, but the odds were heavy likewise—a distant bookmaker had bet him 33 to 1 in sovereigns that the club got beaten at least once.

Therefore it was not only a matter of sentiment but of necessity that he should pull Saturday's match out of the fire; funds were low just now.

"Hang Dingleden!" at last he muttered between his teeth. "I wonder who the dickens the two outsiders are. But, hang it all, we've got old Croaker to umpire for us, and Billy Binks can kill 'em if he can't bowl 'em. It's our batting I'm afraid of."

"That's all right, Doc, if you square their umpire," chimed in the thin voice of the fat publican.

"You old idiot, you don't know what you're talking about," snapped the Doctor. "If our men are clean bowled—and they are likely to be if the others get down two good bowlers—how can any umpire save them? It's different when the others are batting. We only have to appeal for leg-before and catches at the wicket and we can get them out easily enough."

"Here, Samuel, whiskey — small — and special," continued the irate Doctor. "Go and look after the wife, Duval. She's pining for your brilliant society I know, and a little exercise in the way of cleaning stoves and beating carpets won't do your liver any harm."

Mr. de Lisle was a wise man. His intimacy with the Doctor brought him a certain kudos in the village, and he swallowed many an ugly home thrust with diplomatic complacency.

"All right, Doc," said he, turning upon his heel. "I had thought of a way of winning the match. But, of course, you want no opinion of mine."

"What the dickens are his scattered brains planning?" asked Doctor Dick of himself as de Lisle turned the corner and disappeared like a great naughty boy. "Samuel, hurry up with that whiskey."

His third glass even failed to dispel the

Dr. Dick was sunning himself in the porch.

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gloom, and although he laughed merrily to himself when he found that instead of sending old Salem Jones his gout mixture he had sent the measles medicine of Mrs. Tamkins' baby instead, he went to bed with foreboding.

"To lose the chance of the thirty-three quid is bad enough, but for Little Dingleden to beat Great Cockleton is worse," he muttered to himself that night, by which remark it will be seen that, whatever his other faults, Doctor Dick was as proud of his village's reputation as his own.

When the news got about the place that the Dingledenites meant business, and were hatching a plot to overcome the champion club of the district, great excitement prevailed. Doctor Dick remained savage and gloomy, but Mr. de Lisle appeared sublimely happy. "The spiteful fool," thought the Doctor as he passed him the next morning. "What cares he about the match? Nothing. What cares he if we lose? Nothing. The spiteful brute."

And when the medico's gig was out of sight Mr. de Lisle drew from his pocket a telegram, and, reading it for the twentieth time, chuckled aloud and said: "Poor old Doc. Little does he know that I, the despised Duval, will save him and the reputation of Cockleton in the bargain."

Friday evening found the village green like a busy ant-hill. Doctor Dick had been called away to a town a few miles off, and Mr. de Lisle undertook to make the final selection of the team. Truth to say, he went far abroad, and, although nominally a Great Cockleton eleven, only three natives were chosen, the remainder being recruited from far and near. Yet nobody but Mr. de Lisle himself knew the exact composition of the team. That was his secret.

Now Little Dingleden and Great Cockleton lay only five miles apart, and between the two was a half-way house, the Cricketers' Arms, for you see it was a cricketing county, even to the names of its hostelries. The sun had just set in the west—not that it was likely to set anywhere else, but it reads well in a sentimental story of this sort—when Doctor Dick, covered in dust, dropped heavily from his gig and turned into the bar parlour.

"Whiskey and soda," he roared. "Hurry up, man, I'm dying."

"What's the matter, Doc?" asked mine host—it will be noticed that the publicans of the district familiarly called him Doc, which brought them into the category of his chums.

"Matter, man? Why I've driven all the way from Gatehouse without a drink. And it's nine miles if it's a yard."

"Here you are, Doc." The glass was filled and emptied at a gulp.

"That's better, Timothy. Another please. And how are things going?"

"Pretty well, thank you, Doc; but I havn't made up for the loss of that ten-to-one chance in the Derby. Still, I'm backing Cockleton pretty thick, and as you've already won your seven matches it's put seven quid in my pocket. By-the-bye, Doc, I suppose you are certain to beat Little Dingleden to-morrow?"

A flash of anger crossed the face of Doctor Dick. "Oh, hang Little Dingleden!" said he. "We may pull through, but I doubt it. Those beggars mean to beat us, and have got down two crack players to do the trick."

As the last words were uttered mine host started, drew in a deep breath, placed a fat finger over his lips, stealthily crept to the door and gently closed the latch.

"Doc," whispered he in melodramatic tones, "this is a miracle. We've got 'em in the palm of our 'and. Two chaps, a long 'un and a short 'un, came down here this afternoon and took beds for the night."

"By thunder!" exclaimed the doctor, "you don't mean to say——"

"I do though. If they ain't the two chaps from London I'll eat my 'at. Each one brought a cricket bag."

"But what makes you think that they are the brace that Little Dingleden have got down?"

"I don't think; I know it. They came in with a hair of mystery, kept a-winking at each other when I asks them where they come from, and the short 'un says to the long 'un, says he: 'He'll know to-morrow night.'"

"Timothy, I've got 'em on toast," whispered Doctor Dick in a husky voice, "but I haven't got a minute to lose. Where are they?"

"Hush! here they come."

The next moment the door opened and before the captain of Great Cockleton stood two of the best known cricketers in the South.

"Good evening," said the Doctor, "having a look at our beautiful country?"

"We were," said the tall man, as he lounged in.

"Then you ought to be ready for a drop of the crature. Timothy, bring in three glasses at once and I'll tell my man to give the nag half-an-hour's rest. We don't often have visitors in these parts and we like to

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make the most of them," he added in genial tones, at the same time slipping out of the room and going towards his gig. He was gone but a minute, yet in that short time anyone with an eye to curiosity would have seen him dive hurriedly into a little black bag that lay under the seat, and return to the bar parlour with a mixed expression of cunning and delight overspreading his chubby face.

For the credit of cricket and cricketers in general, and Doctor Dick in particular, we will draw a veil over the proceedings of the next hour. All we need say is that no two cricketers drank more whiskey in sixty minutes than the Doctor's guests, while greater strength was given to the insidious liquor by the addition of a certain white powder which the generous Doctor now and again dropped into the glasses. By the time that ten o'clock rang out from the old village steeple Doctor Dick was starting on his homeward journey, confident that Great Cockleton would win the morrow's match, while mine host of the "Cricketer's Arms," assisted by the stableman, was panting and puffing and blowing over the difficulties of carrying two helpless visitors to bed.

Saturday morning found the village of Great Cockleton in the gayest of spirits.

"Well, Doc," said Mr. de Lisle, "you seem pretty happy about the match after all."

"Yes, Duval, I fancy we've got them all right. But I'm a trifle doubtful about their old umpire."

"But what about the two swells, Doc?"

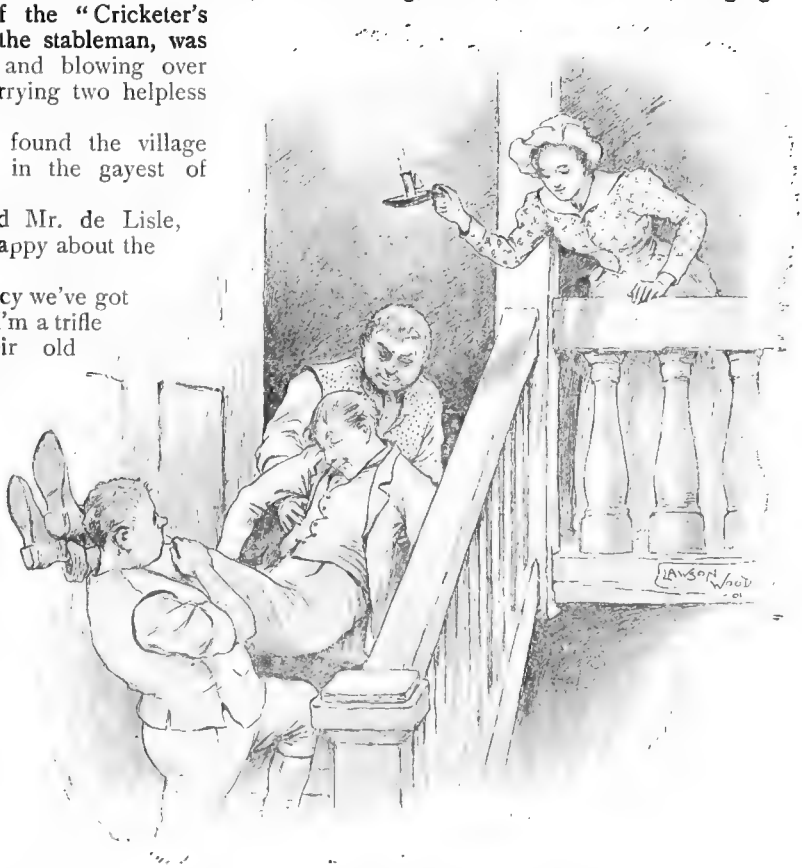
"I think I know as much about them as most people," was the answer; "and if either of them can see a ball or a stump this morning I'll swallow all the pills in the surgery. Duval, my boy," he continued in a stage whisper and drawing nearer to his friend, "last night I drugged them, the whole brace of them."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed de Lisle. "Why we've got poor Little Dingleden all round. I don't mind telling you, Doc, what I've done as well. When I heard old Panter had got a couple of crack players down from town, I wired up to the Oval and none others than Tom Dickeson and Jim Jennings, the finest all-round men in England, are playing for us. If they don't make centuries and topple over every blessed Dingleden wicket, I'll eat lamb without mint sauce for five years."

"Good old Duval," exclaimed the Doctor warmly; "let's shake hands. I was a bit short with you the other night. But there's grit in you still, old boy. You're a credit to Cockleton after all. But here comes the team."

Yes, along the dusty road, quiet and defiant, came the victims of the combined conspiracies of Doctor Dick and Claude de Lisle. And out of the brake on to the village green jumped eleven flannel-clad cricketers.

"Morning, Panter," said the Doctor, wringing



Mine host . . . . was panting and puffing and blowing over the difficulties of carrying two helpless visitors to bed.

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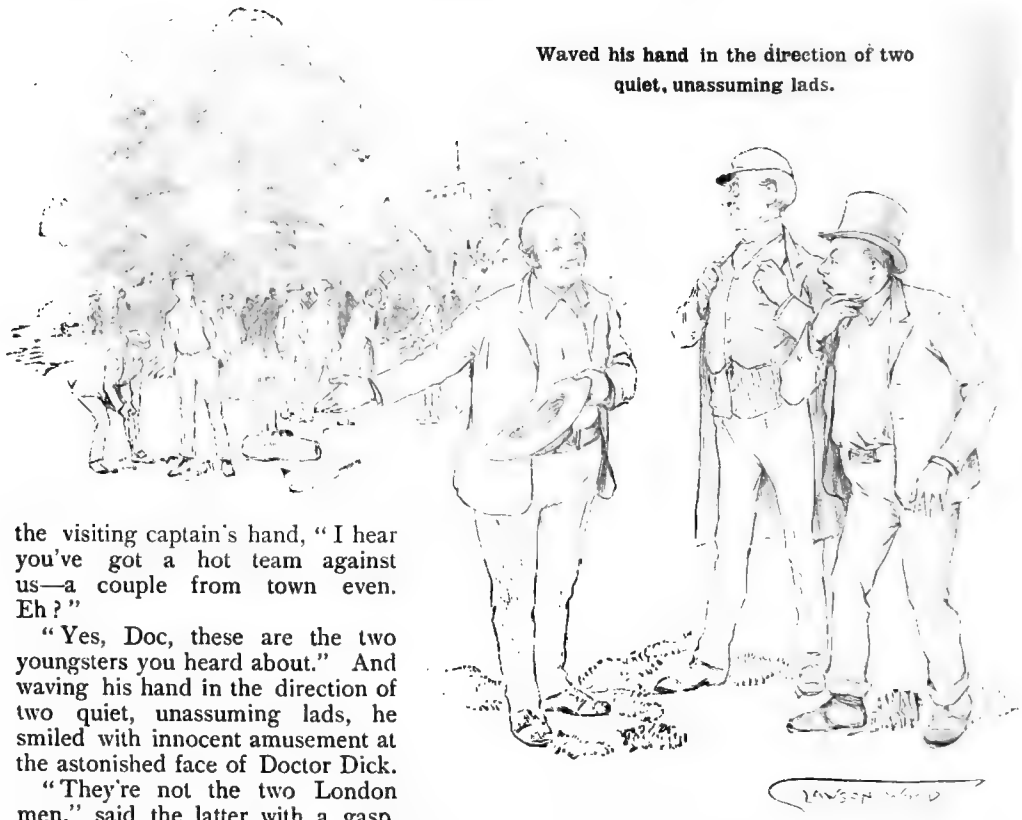

Waved his hand in the direction of two quiet, unassuming lads.

the visiting captain's hand, "I hear you've got a hot team against us—a couple from town even. Eh?"

"Yes, Doc, these are the two youngsters you heard about." And waving his hand in the direction of two quiet, unassuming lads, he smiled with innocent amusement at the astonished face of Doctor Dick.

"They're not the two London men," said the latter with a gasp. "If so, they've changed their skins since last night."

Mr. Panter turned upon his heel with amusement. He knew Doctor Dick of old. "He's been at the whiskey early," said he in an undertone to one of his men. "But who comes here?"

Not he alone, but everyone on the green was looking in astonishment at the occupants of a dogcart that had just driven up. Timothy, the landlord of the Cricketers' Arms, was driving, and at his side sprawled a long, lean man, red-eyed and pale, with chin sunk on his chest; while it was only with difficulty that he held himself from tumbling on the driver's shoulders. It was the tall man whom Doctor Dick had caroused with the previous night. Huddled up in a melancholy heap at the back of the cart was his small companion, and as the tail-board opened out he fell helpless on the grass.

"Great Scott! Why what's the matter?" asked Claude de Lisle.

"Ask Doc," answered mine host of the Cricketers' Arms, with a sly grin and a wink.

"For goodness sake tell me what this all means, Doc?"

"Mean! Why, it means that I'm the biggest, cussedest, dullest fool that ever breathed. Who are these two men?"

"Why, Tom Dickeson and Jim Jennings, the two I got down from London to lick Little Dingleden, to be sure."

"Yes, of course," was the Doctor's answer in a dreary tone—he knew the worst now and resigned himself to the inevitable—"yes, of course," he repeated, "and last night I drugged the pair of them thinking they were the Dingleden interlopers."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed de Lisle.

"But why didn't you tell me you had put them up at the Cricketers' Arms, man?"

"I can see I did wrong now, Doc, but I wanted my plot kept quiet. But wake up, man, we must play, for if the little prank of yours get known you'll have a bad time of it."

"Quite right, Duval, we'll do our best. And I'm hanged if we don't win yet, if it costs me a fiver to bribe 'old Garge!'"

But the Little Dingleden umpire would not be bribed; the two quiet lads from London bowled all the wickets, and the great match ended in the first defeat of the season to Great Cockleton.

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THE ART AND THE AGONY OF TOE-DANCING.

By Stanley White.

It is to America we look for anything new and startling in all branches of human activity, and it is American girls who are the best exponents of that new and strange order of dancing known as "rocks" and "instep" work. To call it toe dancing would be to convey a feeble, if not altogether erroneous, impression. Toe-dancing may be seen to perfection in the theatres of England or the Continent, but the Yankee performer gives you some big advances on mere toe-dancing, not in point of grace, but certainly in point of sheer difficulty and sensationalism of effect.

In England the principal *danseuse* glides upon her toes through chains of silver-clad immortals, her equals in order of being, though inferior in rank. Every movement is fairy-like—classic, ideal. It was thus that wood nymphs disported themselves before we came to know there never were such persons. No one in modern life walks or dances like the principal *danseuse*—modern boots forbid. It is no concern of the serious ballet-master to reproduce the awkwardness of locomotion of the martyr to tight boots, the swagger of a butcher boy out for a day's holiday, or the meek shuffle of an underpaid clerk. But it is his to give us poses of exquisite grace and beauty, and to play upon our feelings and senses as with music. He has to train his pupil that she may learn to light upon a property convolvulus as daintily as a butterfly, that her toes may skim the ground so lightly that the eye of the gazer may be cheated into thinking that the little gauzy wings upon her shoulders are the sole impulse of her flight.

The rules of dancing are as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Wagner, they say, broke many rules to make his music; but he was a model of orthodoxy compared with an American ballet-master, whose aim is not the beautiful, but the bizarre. It was once said of an eccentric rhymester that to make his melody he hesitated not to break the strings of his lute. Likewise, to attain his sensational effects the American dancing-master comes near to breaking his dancers' toes.

It is, indeed, a very hard thing to become a dancer. Proficiency in

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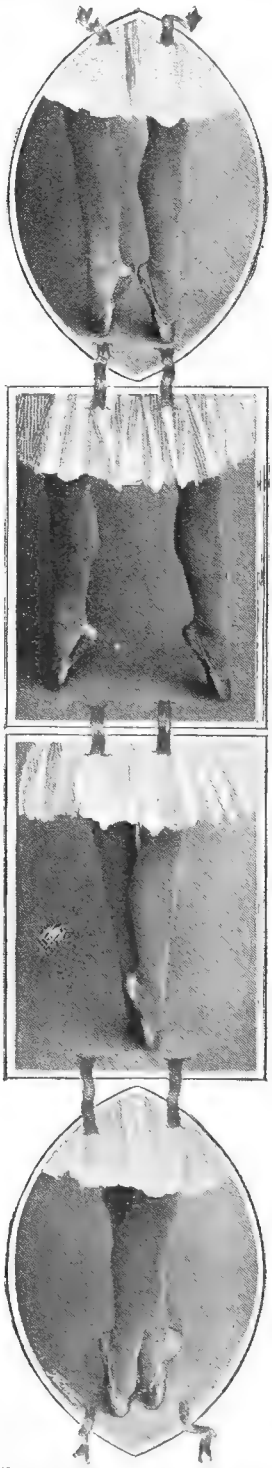
the ballet at best can only be attained at the price of much physical strain; but, provided the pupil is constitutionally sound, she benefits by the training when it is on natural and legimate lines.

There is a rule in toe-dancing which to break is an unpardonable sin, for it is the keystone of all correct attitudes. The laws of the art have it that all the motions must be taken with an outside curve; a knock-kneed person will certainly never learn to dance, but the legs of many a good dancer may be slightly bowed. Rare, indeed, is it to find a girl perfectly adapted to the ballet. She must be a person of sound health, physically very vigorous, and patient and industrious to a degree.

Now in breaking this central law of the art, the Transatlantic ballet-master is looked upon as a sort of pariah by all his European confrères. Quite as many of his actions are done from the inside of the leg as from the out, and the effect is not beautiful, but startling. It is in toe-dancing that the effect of the inside motion is apt to become excruciating to the performer. This is especially the case in that branch of the art known as instep dancing, which can be executed by no milder process than that of temporary dislocation of the knuckles of the toes.

Here at once we are in the region of acrobatic performance pure and simple, and the methods by which the result is brought about are therefore those of the professional contortionist rather than those of the dancing-master. In most cases a girl is taken in hand after she has passed through a course of legitimate dancing, and her feet are subjected to a rigorous course of treatment, in describing which the rack may serve as an illustration. It is no secret in the profession that the process is at first one of great physical pain. The subject is first exercised until she is in a state of profuse perspiration, when the leg and foot are mercilessly massaged. Now she is in a condition to be safely operated upon. The object is to so loosen the smaller bones of the foot and ankle that they may permit the foot to be moved in any direction.



Four principal positions of legitimate ballet toe-dancing. In each case the strain is on the outside of the leg.

And to this end the operator takes the foot and twists it this way and that, every twist being an agonising experience for the patient. It were as wise for a consumptive to go to a horse doctor for cure, as for a girl to intrust herself to the hands of a bungler for foot massage. A few careless or ignorant twists, and her foot is absolutely ruined for dancing in the future.

There is the case on record of a promising *débutante* who was totally incapacitated for the pursuit of her art by the well-meant but unscientific treatment of her husband, who constituted himself ballet-master. He made the fatal blunder of attempting to stretch the limbs when cold, with the result that certain small blood vessels were ruptured, and important ligaments permanently strained.

Two years of training is not an outside time for a *débutante* to learn dancing in order to emulate the performances of La Belle Daisie, and to compel the feet to unnatural functions. It positively makes one's ankles ache to look at some of the positions, especially at any one of those startling series known as the "rock."

The main objective of the "rock" is that the soles of the feet should be used as far as possible in the place intended by Nature for the instep. Think what this means! Anyone who has had the misfortune to sprain an ankle—and who has not?—will have an idea of what it means to bend over the foot

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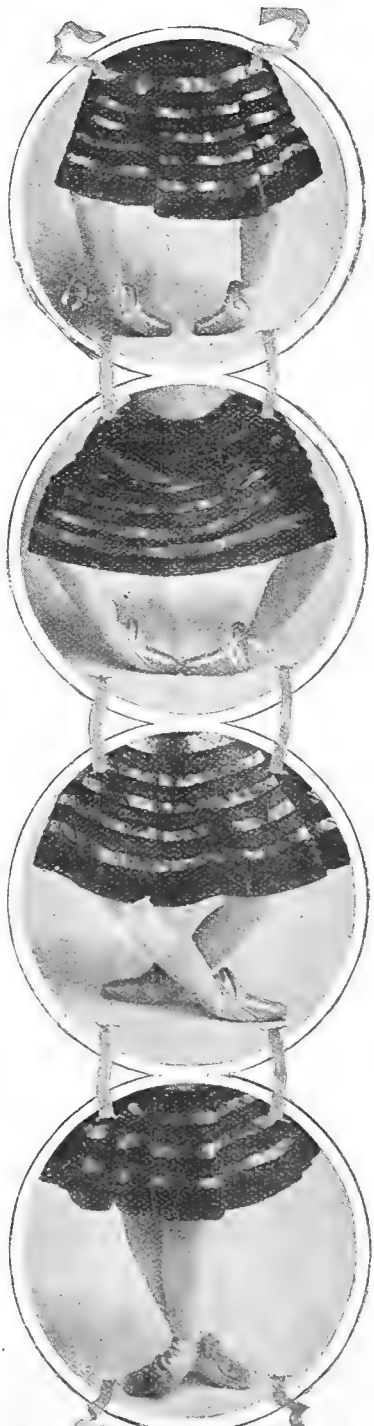
in this way. It is reducing ankle spraining to a system, the pain, of course, not so acute as in the accidental form, but long drawn out, until Nature adapts herself to the discomfort in the long run, as she always does.

The feet, having been coaxed or coerced by months of discipline, so that, to use Wellington's phrase, they can go anywhere and do anything, the patient (for who better deserves the name?) is in a position to sway the full weight of her body upon the insteps of her feet in any of the combinations of the "rock" movements. Fortunately for the girl, her feet by this time have become hardened, and she feels, happily, no pain whatever when performing the weirdest and most unnatural of movements.

Before a girl is in a fit condition to undergo training as an eccentric dancer she must possess a good acquaintance with ordinary ballet work, and that in itself is a long story. Little girls begin to learn sometimes as early as four years old, and, though they train incessantly, they are not ready for the stage until they are sixteen or seventeen.

The training of young children for the ordinary ballet begins by the strengthening and making flexible of their legs, feet, and ankles. The legs are massaged and manipulated from the hip down; they are rubbed with alcohol, and twisted this way and that for an hour at a time. In this way they become extraordinarily strong and flexible. The leg turns upon the hip, the feet turn upon the ankle, as easily and gracefully as the hand turns upon the wrist.

Then it is time for the children to learn to stand upon their toes. For that purpose each toe is wrapped separately in cotton, and the ends of the slippers are stuffed with the same substance. Then, with the feet always turned out, they lean their hands on a chair-back, or some such support, and rise slowly upon the tips of the toes. In most good academies there are horizontal bars running round the walls of the room at some three feet from the ground.



Four positions in the so-called "rock" dance. The body is swayed or rocked upon the insteps.

At these bars most of the initial training is done. Side practice, it is called, and side practice, to the dancer, is as the compass to the mariner. It is odd, indeed, to see a dozen or more little girls in fluffy ballet skirts clinging on to the bar, standing on their toes, lifting first one leg then the other, bringing them round in turn level at right angles with the hip, and revolving them in their sockets. And not only beginners must practise constantly at the side bars. It is a daily tax even upon *premières danseuses* earning their fifty or eighty pounds a week.

To dance upon the toes means that the feet must be in a perfectly straight line with the shin bone, and after every lesson the master takes hold of each girl's foot and bends it into the required position.

It is a curious point that no wadding is used in the shoe during a public performance. Wadding is only used when practising. Also, the slipper of the *première* is very much too small for her, and a long while is required for her to get it on. She works it over her toes with her fingers as though it were a tight glove. The feet, to enter it, must have the toes bent back-

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A sensational flight, alighting upon both insteps.

Eccentric leap on the toe.

Showing position of feet, seen from the back, while the dancer is executing an intricate step.

wards, so that it is an actual relief for the dancer to get upon her toes, for then her feet are smaller, and fit the slipper.

There are slow movements of the "rock" and there are sensational flights. They can be done with or without slippers—from a spectacular point of view "without" is more satisfactory, but the performer prefers it with. In one exceedingly effective series of the *eschoppe* or "rocking" steps, the dancer raises herself upon her toes, then places the heels together, the limbs spring apart like a pair of uprights, the toes next bend inward, and finally approach each other till they meet, the knees all the time being wide apart.

Imagine the months and months of hard practice which the *débutante* must undergo before she becomes proficient in this weird movement!

The feats that American toe dancers have performed baffle belief. Fancy jumping off a table several feet high and alighting upon the toes as daintily as a butterfly settles upon a flower. Mazie King will go down in history as the first to accomplish this extraordinary feat. Another enterprising girl, Titenia, astonished her audiences by ascending and descending a stair arrangement, never for once getting from the point of her wonderful toes. The extraordinary muscular development for the first of these feats probably none but a professional strong man could properly appreciate.

Photo by Bushnell.

La Belle Daisie, the great American "rock" dancer, executing a difficult pass.

There can be no disguising the fact that instep dancing is a cruel and unnatural thing, a product of this sensation-loving age. How torturous it is may be gathered from the fact that much of it is necessarily done without so much as a frail ballet shoe as a protection. Like the little mermaid in

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Andersen's fairy tales who walked on knives that she might have an immortal soul, so in her stockinged feet the American girl dances her way along a path almost as painful to fame.

Like her more fortunate sister of the ballet proper, however, she has her aids, otherwise how could she learn to take her eccentric flights without breaking her ankles? Side bars assuredly would be of no service in her case, but a rope fixed upon a hook in the ceiling gives her a suitable support. With its aid she may soar through the air like a bird, and alight on her insteps with the minimum of pain. And when, by constant practice, she has learnt to so calculate her movements that a false step is unlikely, she must dispense with the rope, and rely upon her skill and cleverness.

Photo by Hana.

An intricate and scarcely elegant position in the "rock" dance.

And, after all is said and done, the question comes: Is it worth while? Do the great public properly appreciate the wonderful cleverness necessary in the evolutions of toe-dancing, or would they not be just as well satisfied with something simpler, something which would entail less suffering to the performer, but which would give effects much more beautiful though less bizarre.

The answer, so far as England is concerned, is in the affirmative. Eccentric toe-dancing has not caught on here to any great extent. Its home is America, and to America it must look for continued patronage.

There straight ballet work is at a discount and reckoned slow and out of date. It is doubtful whether our finest exponents working on the old lines would obtain a tithe of the magnificent salaries they now enjoy were they to transfer their talents to American halls.

Between skirt-dancing as introduced by the famous American, Miss Loie Fuller, and eccentric toe-dancing, there is a great gulf. Skirt-dancing is by no means so difficult in execution as it looks, whereas toe-dancing looks less difficult than it is. And the effects to be obtained are immeasurably greater in skirt dancing.

Photo by Hana.

THE PRINCE WHO LOST HIS COMMON-SENSE

A FAIRY TALE

BY F. C. YOUNGER

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen who had only one son. Now, it is no unusual thing to have an only so—especially in fairy tales—but the King and Queen thought it was, and when the Prince was born they invited everyone to a great christening feast.

Of course all the fairies the King knew were invited, and, as he was a well-educated man, and had often read the story of "Sleeping Beauty," he took great care to leave none of them out for fear of the consequences. So they all came, and they all brought the little Prince beautiful christening gifts—health, wealth, happiness, and scores of virtues and talents. This was exactly what the King and Queen expected, but unfortunately, instead of putting their gifts straight into the baby's head and body in the old-fashioned way, the fairies brought them all to the feast in beautiful boxes of gold and silver, set with jewels.

Thus, one fairy gave the Prince a little box filled with Beauty; another gave him a box full of Good Temper; another (an elderly lady with big feet) a box full of Common Sense; and so on. Certainly no baby ever started the world with such a large stock of good qualities and talents, only unfortunately they were all *outside* his head instead of *inside*.

This was rather a serious drawback, but the fairies never seemed to think of it, and the King did not like to mention it to them for fear of offending them, as they are very touchy about the way their gifts are received. So, as he could think of no way out of the difficulty himself, he called a council of all the wise men of his kingdom. But none of them could think of any way of getting the fairy gifts inside the Prince's head.

At last the King, who had a hasty temper, grew angry. He declared he would hang one wise man a week until they thought of some remedy. This served to quicken their wits, and at last they agreed that the royal doctor ought to open the top of the Prince's head like a box-lid, and then they could easily put in the fairy-gifts.

"How do you know there is room for them?" asked the King.

"Sire," said the wise men, "we will shake his royal highness, and if his brains rattle about in his head there is room to spare; if, on the other hand, they do not rattle, we shall know that his head is full already."

But when they shook the baby they found there was plenty of room.

The royal doctor managed to open the Prince's head without hurting him, and found that, as they had expected, there were only a very few brains lying at the bottom of his skull. But when they had put in all the fairy gifts it was such a tight fit that they were obliged to tie the top of his head down with a silk scarf.

The Prince had got all his virtues and talents inside his head at last. He *ought* to have been the wisest, wittiest, best-tempered, and most beautiful prince that had ever lived; but as his head was stuffed so full of good qualities that he had no room to use them, he was only an unfortunate little boy, with a

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very uncomfortable and heavy head; it was so heavy, indeed, that he was obliged to have a footman always on each side of him to hold it up for him. The King was angrier and more puzzled than ever. He kept the wise men shut up in one room on bread and water, until they discovered some way out of this new difficulty.

At last one of them had a bright idea.

"Why not," he suggested, "take everything out of the Prince's head again, and use the fairy gifts only one at a time? They could always put in the gift the Prince happened to want most, and change it whenever they liked."

The King, much to the relief of the wise men, approved of this plan. The royal doctor managed to fix a hinge at the back of the Prince's head, so that the top opened and shut like a box lid. The Prince's gifts were emptied out, and put again in their separate gold and silver boxes, which were intrusted to the care of one of the gentlemen of the court, who was called "Lord High Keeper of the Prince's Wits."

The Prince was happy and comfortable once more. He had nothing in his head but the few brains he was born with, the essence of Beauty (which by his mother's orders was never taken out) and one other good quality. What this quality was his mother or his father decided. When he was a little boy, for instance, and the Queen wanted to take him to a garden party, she would send up orders to the nursery that he was to wear his "red velvet tunic, cloth of gold bib, and Politeness."

As he grew older the King would take him to review the troops with his head full of Dignity, or to the meeting of the wise men who decided how to spend the taxes with his head full of Common Sense. Sometimes, however, the "Lord High Keeper of the Prince's Wits" made a mistake, and put in the wrong gift.

Once he sent the poor Prince to a State meeting of Parliament with his head full of Common Sense in mistake for Eloquence. The consequence was that the Prince proposed several useful but expensive

He kept the wise men shut up in one room on bread and water, until they discovered some way out of this new difficulty.

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reforms, instead of making the pretty little speech every one expected; and all the newspapers said uncomplimentary things about him. On another occasion he went to a charity bazaar with his head full of Wisdom, and made every one yawn by talking of the "advance of science" all the afternoon instead of spending his money.

But the worst mistake the Lord High Keeper ever made, was filling the Prince's head with Generosity instead of Common Sense before he went to a meeting of the Wise Men to arrange a new tax. Consequently he suggested giving a bicycle to every man in the kingdom who could not pay his rent, which was taxing the wrong people the King said.

So the Prince was not always happy in spite of his fairy gifts. But one day, when he was about sixteen, a very strange thing happened — *he entirely lost his Common Sense.*

One summer night it was so hot that he was sleeping close by an open window, to get as much air as possible. On the table at his side between him and the window lay his Common Sense in its golden box. He had been wearing it all day and it had made his head ache, so that he had been glad to have it taken out. Though it was so hot, sleeping in the draught gave the Prince a cold, and without waking he turned over and sneezed across the table, blowing the Common Sense out of the window into the garden.

It fell on a flower bed, and lay in the middle of a patch of pansies. In the morning a pretty little Dairy Maid, who was taking a short cut through the Palace gardens to the meadows to milk her cows before breakfast, found the box. Inside was what looked to her like white powder.

"Sherbert," she cried: for she had once tasted some at a fair, and thought it the nicest thing she had ever drunk.

And she ran to the beautiful marble fountain near, mixed it with water, and drank it.

The little Dairy Maid had drunk all the Prince's Common Sense.

But she had no sooner finished it, than she felt sure it was not sherbert at all. It did not taste nice enough. The Common Sense made her look at the box, and showed her it was fine gold. She was very frightened, but as she was an honest little girl she never thought twice what to do. The box must belong to some one in the palace, so she went to the Palace door and rang the bell.

When the King came, he recognised the box directly and seizing the little Dairy Maid asked angrily where she had found it. The Dairy Maid was very frightened, but managed to explain. Her story threw the King into a violent passion.

"What ho, without there!" he shouted "seize this miscreant, load her with chains, and cast her into the deepest dungeon below the castle moat! *She has drunk all the Prince's Common Sense!*"

The Prince was shut up in his room, for the King declared it was not safe for any one without Common Sense to be at large. After a time the Queen came to him with her face full of joy.

"My son," she cried, "I have found out how you may use all your fairy gifts at once. You must drink them mixed with water."

"But, mother ——" cried the Prince astonished.

"Drink, my son, and talk afterwards," said the Queen, thrusting a glass of Patience and water, which she had hurriedly mixed, into his hand.

The Prince drank obediently; and as soon as he had done the Queen had a glass of Courage and water ready for him, and so on until he had drunk all his fairy gifts.

Then he certainly was the handsomest, wisest, and best tempered Prince ever seen; if he had only had Common Sense he would have been quite perfect.

The Queen went in triumph to tell the King of her success.

"It is all very well," said the King, gloomily, "but he has no Common Sense."

"He doesn't want it," said the Queen sharply. "He is of Royal blood and wants nothing *common*. A Prince can do very well without it."

"At any rate," said the King, "I shall keep the Dairy Maid in prison until we can make her give it up." But he was talking to an empty chair, for the Queen had gone back to admire her son.

She found the Prince very dissatisfied; he had heard all about the little Dairy Maid, and he wanted to see her and set her free. It was unjust to imprison her, he declared; she had not known what she was doing, and she had found out the way to use the fairy gifts, which all the Wise Men in the kingdom had been unable to discover. As for his Common Sense, she was welcome to it; it had always made his head ache.

At last the Queen grew angry with him, and refused to listen to him any longer.

But the Prince could not forget the poor little prisoner. At midnight, when everyone

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in the Palace was asleep, he lit a torch, and crept down to the dungeon in which she lay. The gaoler was asleep, and the keys hung on a hook above his head. The Prince opened the dungeon door and went in. In one corner, on the damp stones, lay the little Dairy Maid asleep, for Common Sense had told her it was no use to cry all night.

The Prince saw that she had cried herself to sleep, for her lashes were wet, and she sobbed still in her sleep. She looked so beautiful, even though her curls were tangled and her dress dirty and stained, that the Prince fell in love with her on the spot. He began to think of some way of helping her, but, having no Common Sense, it never occurred to him that he could take her out of the dungeon. So he sat down on the damp floor, and pillowed her pretty golden head on his knee. The Dairy Maid smiled in her sleep, and the Prince felt ready to endure agonies of cramp and cold, as long as he could gaze at her.

Just as day was breaking she awoke, and started up with a cry of fright when she saw the Prince, who hastened to reassure her, and tell her how he had come there.

The little Dairy Maid had drunk all the Prince's Common Sense.

"And now I love you," he said, "will you marry me?"

"I can't," said the little Dairy Maid. "You are a Prince, and I am only a poor dairy maid. Where is your Common Sense?"

And then she burst out crying, for she remembered where the Common Sense was.

"I haven't got any," cried the Prince triumphantly. "And I'm very glad of it, if it would have told me not to marry you."

But, unfortunately, the little Dairy Maid had more than her share; and so she argued and pleaded with the Prince, only succeeding in making him more in love with her than ever. They were so busy talking that they never heard steps approaching the dungeon,

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The King was threatening the Wise Man with all sorts of horrible punishments.

and when the King and courtiers burst in they were very much startled.

The King flew into a tremendous rage, when the Prince declared he meant to marry the little Dairy Maid. He dragged him from the dungeon, and locked him in his room, ordered the gaolers to keep the Dairy Maid in stricter imprisonment than ever, and called on all the Wise Men of the kingdom to tell him what to do with them both.

Now among the Wise Men was one who was considered particularly wise: chiefly because he declared he was too busy being wise to wash more than once a week. This Wise Man said he could give back the Prince his Common Sense in a week, if he might have the little Dairy Maid to do just what he liked with. The King, who was at his wits' end, readily agreed, and ordered the gaolers to hand her over to the Wise Man.

The Wise Man's plan was to extract the Dairy Maid's brains, boil them down, and make extract of them. He hoped that the essence of Common Sense would be in this extract, and that if he could induce the Prince to drink it, he would get back his fairy gift.

When he proposed this plan to the little Dairy Maid, however, she strongly objected to giving up her brains.

"Well," thought the Wise Man, "I must kill her first to save fuss."

So he pretended to have forgotten his plan, and asked the little Dairy Maid to walk with him in his garden. In the garden was a deep well, and when they got near this, he told the little Dairy Maid to look in, and see her pretty face in the water.

As she was bending over the edge, the Wise Man pushed her into the well.

When he thought she was quite drowned he got a hook, tied it to the end of a rope, and tried to fish her body up. But though he angled all night he could not bring up the little Dairy Maid's body, because the little Dairy Maid was not drowned.

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She was sitting on a big stone that stuck out from the side of the wall half way down the well. Her Common Sense had told her to grasp the stone, and save herself as she fell.

How long the little Dairy Maid would have sat on the stone I do not know, if the Prince had not had an Idea. It was not his own; for, though he had plenty of virtues, he had no Ideas. It was sent to him by the old fairy who had given him Common Sense when he was a baby, and as she knew he was not likely to know how to get it into his head if she sent it him raw, she sent it him in a great macaroon in the middle of a box of chocolates (a very favourite method with fairies). The Prince, who was very fond of sweets, ate all the chocolates including the macaroon and the Idea. As soon as he had eaten it he had it; and thinking it was his own, rushed to the King in great delight shouting:

"Father, I've got an Idea!

"Listen! It's such a beauty. If I marry the little Dairy Maid I shall get back my Common Sense. For she has it all."

"So you will!" cried the King. "I never thought of that! You shall marry her to-morrow, and we will go now and fetch her from the Wise Man."

The Wise Man left off angling when he saw the Prince and the King approaching. When he heard what they wanted he turned very pale, and declared that the Dairy Maid had run away—he had not seen her for three days. The King and the Prince did not believe him, but they could find no trace of her in the house and garden. The Prince was in despair, and the King was threatening the Wise Man with all sorts of horrible punishments, if he did not instantly produce the little Dairy Maid, when the Wise Man's maid-of-all-works suddenly appeared carrying a little brown slipper.

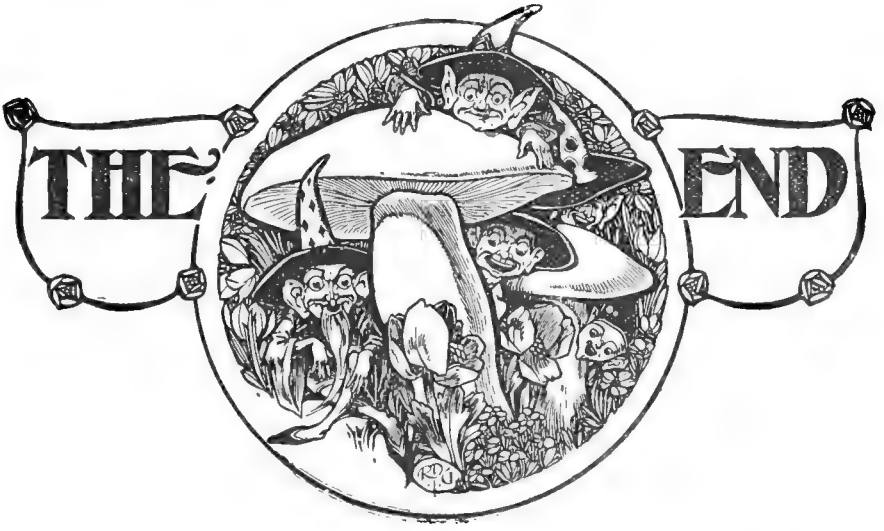
"It's the Dairy Maid's!" shrieked the Prince. "Where did you find it?"

"I drew it out of the well in a bucket of water, your Majesty," said the maid-of-all-works curtseying.

"Then the Dairy Maid is in the well," shouted the King and Prince, and to the well they all went—all except the Wise Man, who seized the opportunity to slip out of the back door unnoticed. He travelled fast and left the country before night-fall, for which no one was sorry.

Meanwhile the King, the Prince, and the maid-of-all-works leant over the edge of the well, and called to the little Dairy Maid. To their great joy she answered. She had heard their voices in the garden calling her before, and had dropped her slipper in the bucket as it passed her to show where she was. She was delighted to get out of the well, and still more delighted to find the King in such a good humour, and quite anxious for her to marry the Prince.

Next day they were married, and everyone rejoiced, especially the maid-of-all-works, to whom the King gave a red satin gown and a diamond necklace for the occasion. So the Prince got back his Common Sense and a wife in the bargain. It was true it all belonged to his wife now; but as he was wise enough to ask her advice about everything and take it, they managed to share it very comfortably, and few people knew he had none of his own. At any rate, they had every good quality between them, and so they lived long and happily.



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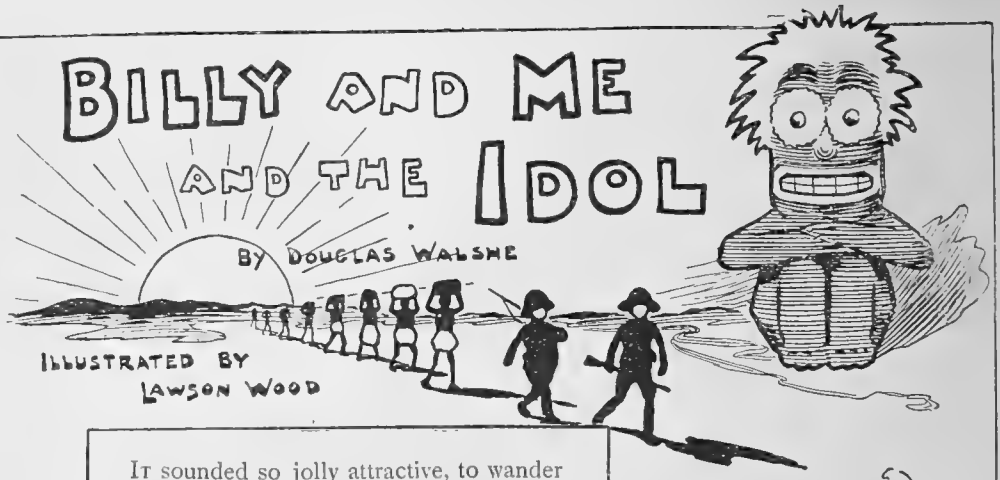
BILLY AND ME AND THE IDOL

BY DOUGLAS WALSHE

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWSON WOOD



It sounded so jolly attractive, to wander about and explore,
And pot the big game in the districts where no one had been before,
That we went for an African ramble—that's Billy and me, you know——
When a horrified Alma Mater suggested we'd better go.

It wasn't exactly a picnic, but nothing went very wrong,
And though there was no wood paving, we managed to get along!
But after a twelvemonths' tramping, a dozen mysterious blacks
Made Billy and me uneasy, by distantly haunting our tracks.

We saw what it meant when a village quite suddenly came in sight,
With warriors, warned of our coming, determined to force a fight.
They charged us directly they saw us, but as soon as they came too close,
We carefully sighted our rifles, and gave them the White Man's Dose!

They bunked, and we went through their village, and found, to our great surprise,
A monstrous, uncouthly Idol, with wonderful sparkling eyes.
The "pupils" were rich red rubies, magnificent priceless things,
And the "whites" were a dazzling glitter of diamonds set in rings!

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We stood there, and swore at that image;
we swore at that heathen race:
A Fortune we dared not seize on was
staring us in the face!
It was rough, but we couldn't get round
it: the gems must be left alone;
For those niggers would tear us to pieces,
if we took but a single stone!

They'd whip up their numbers and chase
us, in wholly unfaceable odds;
And their fear ot our guns would fail us
through their fear of the wrath of
their gods!
But Billy and me meant business; we
thought—a .d devised a plan;
And went to the scene of our scrimmage
to search for a wounded man.

We found one and made him easy, and
called to our carrier host,
And, taking our prisoner with us, re-
turned with all speed to the coast.
We marched by the side of our hostage,
and strove to acquire his speech;
And the beggar was awfully flattered, and
only too glad to teach.

We posted a letter to England, and
when the reply came to hand
Went back to our gaudy idol, to work
out the scheme we had planned.
We halted our men in a forest, and sent
our black friend to invite
The priest of that Ju-Ju to supper, and
calm down his natural fright.

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We talked to that priest like a father,
and told him we saw with surprise
The god whom his people worshipped
had pebbles instead of eyes!
We said that might do for a black
man, who lived in a stinking hut,
But the principal gods of the white men
had eyes that would open and shut!

We offered to fix him a couple, and take
the old stones in exchange,
And spoke of the peoples' devotion to
anything new and strange.
We told him a miracle's kudos was
always ascribed to the priest,
And hinted at outshone rivals, and offer-
ings much increased.

We didn't disguise our object, and
owned we should be well paid;
And he saw we should each get a bar-
gain, and said he was ready to trade!
So we followed him into the Joss-house
in the dim religious light,
And with Plaster of Paris and Doll's
Eyes, endowed that god with sight!

Then we made our way back to England,
dividing the proceeds fair,
And seven and twenty thousand we each
of us got for share!
And as I remarked to my gov'nor,
whose welcome was rather cool,
I hadn't done half so badly for one
he had called a fool!

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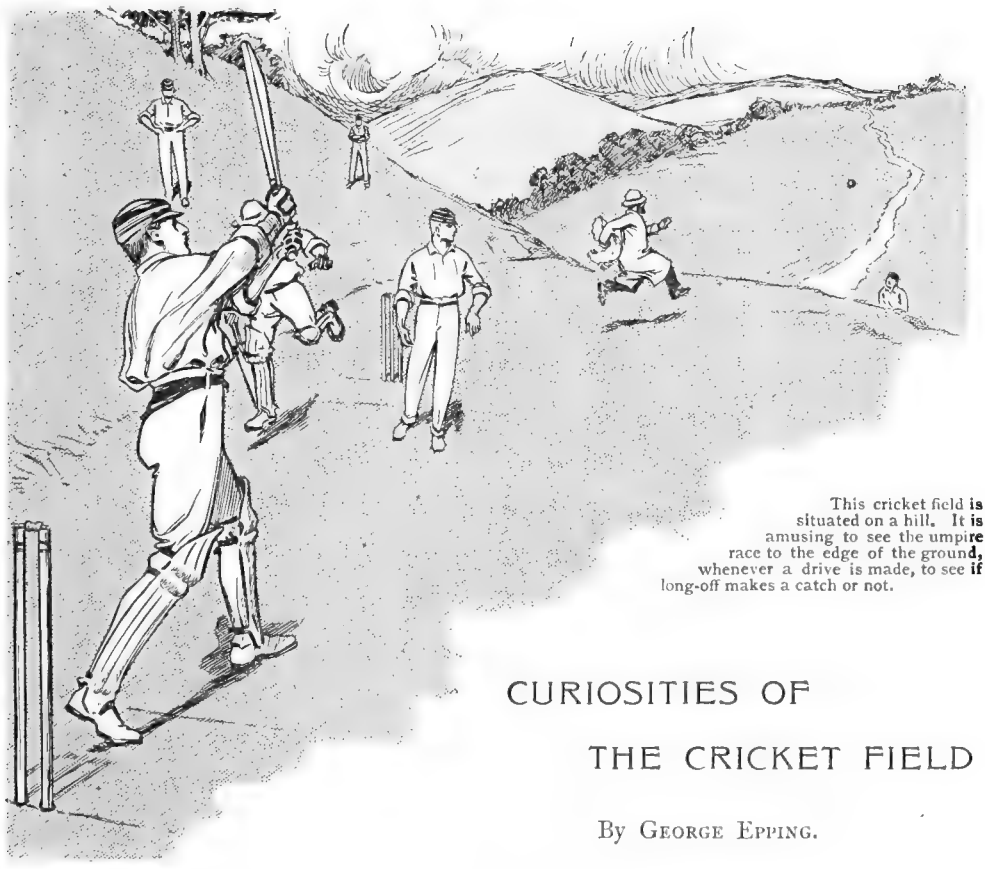

This cricket field is situated on a hill. It is amusing to see the umpire race to the edge of the ground, whenever a drive is made, to see if long-off makes a catch or not.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CRICKET FIELD

By George Epping.

Now that the Australians are with us again, enthusiasts are to be met at all matches, eagerly discussing the merits of past and present players. They do not always confine their remarks to criticism, but frequently retail for the benefit of the company the many curious incidents they have seen, heard, or read about.

Who in these days of boundaries would believe that a hit for thirty-seven had been made? Yet it did occur. The pitch was situated on the top of a hill, and the batsman drove the ball over the brow of it. Pretty nearly the whole eleven fielders took part in its return, but the final throw to the wicketkeeper was missed, consequently the ball travelled down the other side of the hill. The fielding performance had to be repeated, and thirty-seven runs were secured before the batsman stopped.

I wonder how many could be scored from a big hit on the Berwick-on-Tweed ground? This field is partly "bounded by the German Ocean," as the school books say, so that its situation lends itself to possibilities. The writer knows a cricket pitch of forty square yards in a hilly district in the North of England that had practically to be "dug out." Consequently while the fielders on one side of the wicket tower over the batsman, one or two on the other are out of his sight, and it is very amusing indeed to watch the umpire race for the edge of the ground whenever a drive is made to see if long-off makes a catch or not.

I am credibly informed of many wonderful catches, though perhaps Syd Gregory's snapping a swallow when fielding cover-point takes premier honours. Gregory, so the story goes, was not so spry as usual, and one of his colleagues suddenly called, "Look out, Syd." The fielder, startled, shot out his hand at a black object that was flying past him, thinking it was the ball, and to his own and everyone else's astonishment found he had caught a swallow.

Birds, by the way, have figured in cricket occasionally.

When Gloucestershire were playing Nottingham at Trent Bridge in 1875 some

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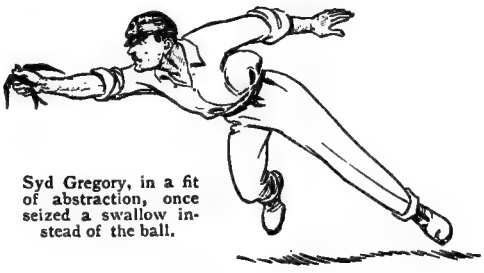

Syd Gregory, in a fit of abstraction, once seized a swallow instead of the ball.

swallows flew across the wicket in such numbers at one period of the game that play had to be suspended.

Another Gloucestershire match was stopped for a time by a seagull. The bird kept hovering about the wicket until the players could stand it no longer, and they stopped the match and try in vain to bring the bird down with the ball.

Old Tom Hearne, of Middlesex, was more successful. He was just going to bowl when a pigeon flew across the pitch; so, instead of trying to hit the wicket, Hearne took a shot at the pigeon and killed it. Julius Cæsar, one of the old brigade, killed a swallow at Godalming. He was bowling to the Earl of Winterton, and the ball struck the swallow in its flight.

At Cavendish in 1877 a fielder brought off a brilliant catch in peculiar fashion. The ball, which was travelling at a terrific rate, hit his wrist, ripped open the sleeve of his shirt, ran up the arm, and lodged against his body.

There are many ways of being out, but few can boast of being caught "up a tree." Yet that has happened. The ball was hit into the branches of a tree, and stuck there. As it was in full view of the players the umpire refused to allow the "out" side to call lost ball, so the batsmen went on running. Eventually one of the fielders climbed up the tree. On securing the ball, a catch was appealed for, and the umpire gave the batsman out.

A batsman may consider he has cause to grumble at his luck when he plays a ball into the lap of his pad, from which it is drawn by the wicket-keeper, who, of course, thus secures a catch. In another case the batsman made a hard, square cut. Point missed the ball, but it struck him on the knee, and rebounded into the hands of the wicket-keeper.

Probably many readers saw how P. F. Warner was out in the North *v.* South match at Lord's in 1900. He drove a ball back to the bowler, E. Smith. The latter failed to hold the return, but got his hand to it. He guided it on to the burly figure of Dr. W. G. Grace, and as the ball rebounded made the catch. Warner looked thoroughly disgusted as he walked towards the pavilion.

Albert Ward and D. L. A. Jephson have both had their innings brought to a premature close through a splinter of the bat, which the ball knocked off, upsetting the bails in its flight. These are all annoying; but the luck of E. Dowson, the father of the present player of that name, at the Oval in 1862 must have aroused the sympathy of all present. This batsman turned to hit to leg when the ball kicked up, struck him in the mouth, and knocked him over on to his wicket, so that he was given out "hit wicket." If the victim ever used unparliamentary language in referring to his accident, I am sure his hearers forgave him.

The binding of a bat has been known to cost a wicket, for, as the batsman made a cut, the string caught the bails, and knocked hem off, so that he was out for hitting his wicket. In one case, after finishing a run, the batsman grounded his bat within the

A pigeon flew across the pitch just as old Tom Hearne was delivering a ball. So, instead of trying to hit the wicket, he took a shot at the pigeon and killed it.

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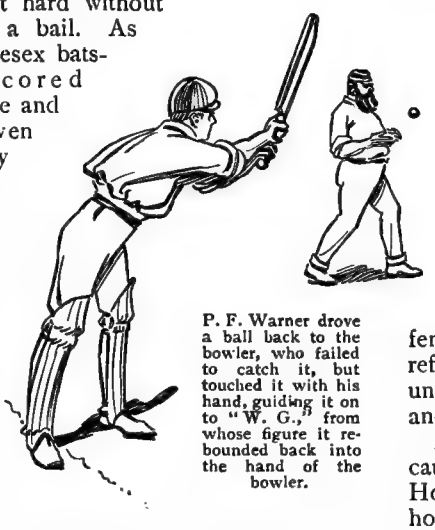
crease, but stood with his feet outside. The ball, which was returned at a hot pace, knocked the bat out of his hand, and dribbled into the wicket, and the unhappy man was "run out."

These are instances of bad luck; but they are balanced by those of good. At Hastings C. A. Alberga was batting with his handkerchief stuck in his belt. The wind caught it and blew it into the wicket, yet, though the handkerchief wrapped itself round the leg and middle stumps, the bails did not come off.

A. E. Stoddart had practically four innings at the Oval in 1895. He was stumped and given out in his first essay, but as the bails did not fall he continued batting, and in the second innings a ball from F. E. Smith hit the wicket hard without removing a bail. As the Middlesex batsman scored seventy-five and sixty-seven the Surrey players' feelings on the matter may be imagined.



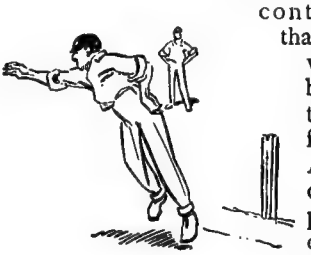
P. F. Warner drove a ball back to the bowler, who failed to catch it, but touched it with his hand, guiding it on to "W. G.," from whose figure it rebounded back into the hand of the bowler.

E. Winter, of Oxford, had the satisfaction of continuing his innings after he had knocked the three stumps almost horizontal. His bat came down on to the top of the wicket so hard, as he was making a cut, that the bails were driven *into* the stumps, and the batsman given "not out."

There have been cases where the heat of the sun has so softened the varnish on the bails that the latter have become glued together and to the stumps. This was seen in a match between Victoria and New South Wales at Sydney in January, 1894. While two batsmen were running the fielder threw the ball at the wicket and hit it, but the bails stuck on to the top of the stumps.

Indeed, bails play peculiar tricks sometimes. A well-known cricketer says he once saw a bail balance itself on the middle stump, while the ball carried the other yards behind the wicket. It is no unusual sight to see one in front and the other behind the stumps; but when the ball hits the wicket and knocks one bail several yards, while the other jumps straight into the air, reverses, and then falls into its original groove again, one may ask if "spooks" are about?

It is not often that a first-class player refuses to abide by the umpire's decision. G. Giffen, "the Grace of Australia," has. He was playing for South Australia against Victoria at Adelaide, and, in making a stroke, fell. The bowler appealed for leg before wicket, and Giffen was given "not out." As he rose the batsman knocked off the bail, and the umpire at square leg gave him out for hitting his wicket. Giffen refused to go on the ground that the umpire, Mr. Flynn, could not give him out after the other umpire had given him not out, and he also contended that the ball was dead before the bail fell off. All the other players declared that Giffen should retire, as he had been given out. He refused to do so, and the Victorians played on under protest. The South Australian scored another seventy-six runs after the dispute.



A. E. Stoddart, by the way, was one of the causes that led to the discovery of W. P. Howell as a bowler. Everyone remembers how Howell slew Surrey by taking the ten wickets in the county's first innings for only twenty-eight runs in his first match in England in 1899.

Howell is, or was, a bee farmer in New South Wales, and visited Sydney in an up-country team. His bright hitting led to his inclusion in the N.S.W. eleven against Mr. Stoddart's. When the English captain and J. T. Brown were well set, and had collared the bowling, Howell blandly informed Syd Gregory that he was certain he (Howell) could get them out if given a trial. The home captain was willing to try any experiment; so he put the bee-farmer on, and was surprised and gratified to see Howell not only clean bowl Mr. Stoddart and Brown, but four of the later batsmen as well.

In Australia many things are allowed that would not be tolerated here. The Australians sometimes have a match where the

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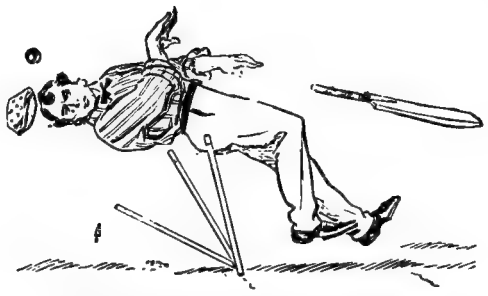

E. Dowson's mishap at the Oval in 1862. The ball kicked, struck him on the mouth, and knocked him on to the wickets.

players field without boots. When over here in 1899, Howell more than once asked Darling to allow him to take his boots off when he was bowling.

H. H. Massie opened his touring in England in sensational fashion, as he scored 265 runs at the first time of asking. H. J. H. Scott, another hitter, finished off a match in Yorkshire in 1886 with a six, four, six, six. C. J. Bonnor, too, could tap a bit, and the "chipping" that took place between him and C. I. Thornton was amusing.

The Australian always declared that he had a female relative who could hit further than anyone he had met in England. This lady must have been even a better batsman (?) than her brother, for Bonnor never equalled Thornton's record as a hitter. W. Fellowes is credited with having sent a ball 175 yards in its flight at Christ Church Ground, Oxford. C. I. Thornton hit 162 yards and 155 yards at Brighton, and V. F. S. Crawford, the young Surrey amateur, made a drive of 160 yards on the Bristol ground last season.

Albert Trott is probably the most consistently hard hitter of the present day. He is the only player who has yet sent a ball over the new pavilion at Lord's, and on the same ground he one day drove a ball so hard against the pavilion rails that it rebounded close to the bowler's wicket. Trott also hit a ball out of Trent Bridge ground in 1900—a feat never accomplished since W. Bruce, another Australian, did it in 1893.

F. G. J. Ford once hit the opposite wicket with a hard drive, and the ball rebounded to within his own crease. Bonnor's best hit was 147 yards. Barlow and Scotton hold a different sort of record. The Lancashire professional gained his name "Stonewaller" by scoring five runs in two-and-a-half hours at Nottingham; and in the match between England and Australia at the Oval in 1886, Scotton was at the wicket for sixty-seven minutes at one period of his innings without scoring.

This performance drew from *Punch* the following reproach:

> And the clock's slow hands go on,
> And you still keep up your sticks;
> But oh! for the lift of a smiting hand,
> And the swing of a swipe for six.
>
> Block, block, block,
> At the foot of thy wickets, ah do!
> But one hour of Grace or Walter Read
> Were worth a week of you.

Walter Humphreys has beaten the record of both of these players by staying in for seventy minutes and not scoring a single run. The occasion was a match between Sussex and Kent at Brighton. G. Brann had made 105 in the first innings, and was going for the "double event" in the second innings. Humphreys' stonewalling enabled him to score another century, and thus the Amateur and International footballer joined the ranks of those cricketers who have made two centuries in a match.

The record for "bail shooting" belongs to A. Mold, who knocked a bail 63 yards 6 inches, at the Oval. G. Lohmann was the Lancashire man's victim on that occasion. Surrey's express, T. Richardson, can only lay credit to 55 yards 3 inches, and this is beaten by H. Rotherham, who sent a bail 62 yards.

Cricket by gaslight is a novelty that only Yorkshire and Surrey have enjoyed. This was at the Oval in 1880, when Surrey beat the Yorkshiremen by two wickets. Play was prolonged forty-five minutes in order that the game might be finished on the second day, and the final stage was played with the lamps alight all round the ground.

Derbyshire was once the victim of misfortune at Dewsbury, and the strange sight was seen of only two players in a first-class eleven being properly clad for the game when the side went into the

"Touch the ball if you dare!" It landed into "W. G.'s" shirt, and he made six runs before Jupp was allowed to take it from its resting-place.

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field. On the second evening of the match, someone had left some water taps on in the room above the Derbyshire professionals' dressing-room. The result was that when the water was turned on at the main the room was flooded, and the players' clothes drenched. They could not be worn, so as Messrs. L. G. Wright and T. A. Higson were the only two who wore cricket clothes and spikes, they went on to bowl. The others fielded in their ordinary costumes.

F. R. Spofforth once took twelve wickets in eighteen balls in a match in Lancashire, and in the neighbouring county of Yorkshire Boyle dismissed seven batsmen in eight balls. During Boyle's performance, as the batsmen were rather slow in coming in, one of the Australians shouted, "Send a man in!" "Send a man in?" responded one of the crowd. "What's the use? Hadn't we better send in three or four?"

A curious match at Lord's was where all the bowling for the Gentlemen, who were playing the M.C.C., should be done by Mr. R. Holden. This trundler consequently bowled at both ends, and captured nineteen wickets in the two innings. He had not a chance of getting the twentieth, as Mr. F. Ladbroke, one of M.C.C., did not bat in the second innings.

Old David Harris was such an enthusiast that, although tortured with gout, he still persisted in playing his favourite game. A great armchair was brought into the field, upon which our hero sat down after the delivery of every ball.

Betting was rampant in the early days of cricket, and there is no doubt but that players were frequently bribed to lose matches. An old writer says: "If gentlemen wanted to bet, just under the pavilion sat men ready, with money down, to give and take the current odds." This refers to Lord's, where the famous Crockford was a frequent visitor. Sometimes as much as £20,000 changed hands over a match, and all sorts of dodges were adopted by the players. Even Lord F. Beauclerck did not hesitate to "stick a lump of wet dirt and sawdust on the ball to make it twist," and on another occasion one of his lordship's own team, who had backed the other side, was so annoyed with Lord Frederick's deadly bowling that he tried repeatedly to injure him with his returns, and eventually succeeded in breaking one of the bowler's fingers.

One would think that it was practically impossible to make a mistake in measuring a pitch, but this occurred at Cambridge in a match with C. I. Thornton's England Eleven. The 'Varsity went in to bat, and after they had lost two wickets the pitch was found to be a yard and a half too long. The game was re-commenced and the brothers Studd, who had been got rid of very cheaply in the first instance, made over fifty in their second go.

Is there anyone playing in first-class cricket now who dare ask his captain to let him off on the third day of a match as he wanted to run at some sports? W. G. Grace did it; and V. E. Walker allowed him to go to the Crystal Palace to run in a hurdle race, which Grace, who was eighteen years old at the time, won. This was in 1866, and county cricket has changed since then.

Dr. Grace has, of course, had many strange experiences in his career, though he has still to "bag a brace" in a first class fixture. "W. G." has made runs when none of the fielders dare touch the ball. This occurred

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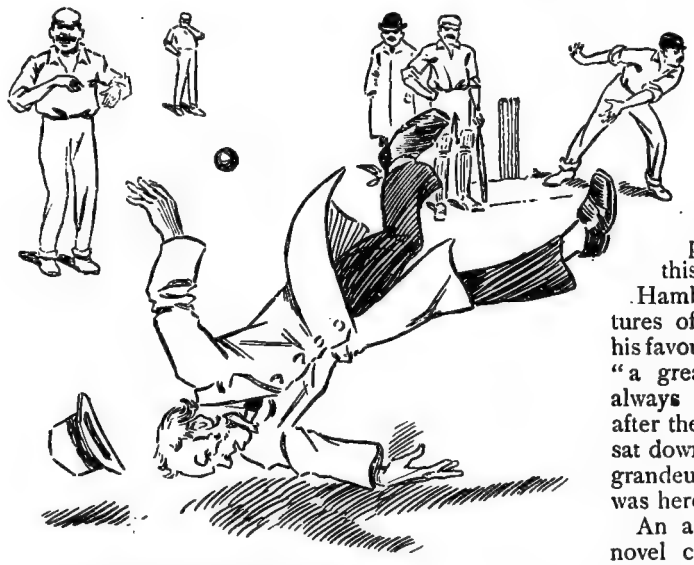
through a return to the wicket-keeper bounding into the champion's shirt, so that he carried the ball with him. After running six altogether Jupp was allowed to take the ball out of its resting-place.

Browne, of Brighton, the fastest bowler of his time, is said to have killed a dog with one of his deliveries, and Lumpy won the Earl of Tankerville £100 by hitting a feather laid on the pitch for him to bowl at.

Tom Emmett had the reputation of bowling more wides than any other county bowler, and he certainly did send down a great number. In fact, the Yorkshireman seemed to bowl them on purpose very often. I saw a wide bowled at Park Avenue, Bradford, that will take some equalling. The batsman at the



The bowler slipped when delivering, and the ball caught the umpire in the ribs, knocking him clean over.

top end had just hit a ball nearly on to the top of the football pavilion tower, so the bowler was evidently determined to get his own back if possible. He ran towards the wicket to send up an "express," but when he was in the act of delivering he slipped.

The ball flew off towards square-leg, caught the umpire standing there in the ribs, and knocked that inoffending official over. I have never heard such a peal of laughter on a cricket field as went round the ground when this occurred. Everybody roared except the bowler and the injured umpire. It was rather risky mentioning "wides" in that trundler's presence for the rest of the season.

Wickets were frequently "doctored" in the gambling days, and as late as 1865 the wicket for a Sussex and Kent match at Brighton had to be changed on the third day, owing to someone having damaged the pitch during the preceding night. Watchmen used to be employed to prevent this sort of thing happening when a lot of money depended on the game.

It is not generally known that an English team set out to play in Paris during 1784. The Duke of Dorset was our ambassador in France at the time, and he wrote to Yalden, at Chertsey, asking him to raise a team to visit the French capital. An eleven was got together, with the Earl of Tankerville as captain. They travelled to Dover, and were ready to cross the Channel, when they met his Grace, who was returning home in order to escape the first outbreak of the French Revolution.

Gout is supposed to turn its victim's thoughts from all other pains and pleasures, but it failed to do this with old David Harris, of Hambledon. Even amid the tortures of gout this enthusiast played his favourite game, and we are told "a great armchair was, therefore, always brought into the field, and after the delivery of the ball the hero sat down in his own calm and simple grandeur reposed." Surely here was heroism worthy of the V.C.

An amusing story is told of a novel catch which occurred in a match in Ceylon between a naval and a military team, Gunner Quintin was fielding in the country. A ball was hit high in the air towards him. He ran up, but miscalculated the distance, and the ball, instead of behaving in a proper and dignified manner and landing in his outstretched hands, caught him fairly on his helmet and, going right through, stayed there. The umpire gave the batsman out, much to the delight of the fielding side.

Cricket, like every other national institution, has its light side, but it must not be forgotten that it is from an education of cricket and football, from the discipline required in these games, and from their entirely open and healthy atmosphere that England's men are produced, and will be produced as long as a ball is driven to the boundary or the sun shines on a perfect pitch.

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By L. G. Moberly.

Mother's face wore an expression of beatific delight when I showed her Lady Stibbert's letter. She uplifted her eyes to the ceiling and said:

"My cup is overflowing."

I was not so very pleased. Of course, it was a great honour, and very kind of Lady Stibbert to offer Algy and me her country-house for our honeymoon, but the offer simply spoiled our own nice little plans. Algy and I were so tired of the ordinary and conventional, that we had dreamed dreams of a delicious time hidden from the world in a comfy Bohemia of our own, where the word orthodox should never reach our ears.

We could not in decency and courtesy refuse Lady Stibbert's offer, and if *we* were not as pleased as we ought to have been about it, mother was in the seventh Heaven of joy.

"To think," she ejaculated piously, "that a daughter of mine should spend her honeymoon at Dulsiby Hall, and that I should see it announced in the papers. I never thought I should have such happiness."

Algy and I felt that it really was nice of Lady Stibbert, for we have no pretensions to belong to the aristocracy, or the landed gentry, or anything of that kind. We are just ordinary people, and Lady Stibbert made her offer because she had known my father's family well, and she had always taken an interest in us. Mother had stayed there once or twice; I never had.

"By Jove!" Algy said when I told him about it. "Dulsiby Hall!" Then he whistled, after which he said: "I say, Doll, it'll mean a lot of servants, and a confounded amount of pomp and show; we shall feel jolly out of it."

"Oh, no!" I answered grandly, "we shan't feel *out of it*. What rubbish! It's a great bore having to give up our happy little Bohemian plan, but why should we feel out of it?"

"Well, my dear girl, you may not, but I expect I shall. I don't mind owning that *I'm* not used to a lot of menservants and maid-servants, and oxen and asses and things. My mater has only two servants, just as yours has," he added, with what I thought was a spice of malice.

"One servant, more or less, makes no difference," I answered loftily. "I am a lady, you are a gentleman. Nobody could be more, not even if they were Dukes and Duchesses. *I* am not afraid of a pack of servants." Algy laughed irrelevantly, and went off whistling. I did not refer to the subject again, but I thought him excessively foolish.

When I was a child, and we lived in a nice London vicarage, we always kept four servants, and a boy to clean the boots. Now that mother was a widow and we lived in a suburb, we only kept two servants, but I didn't see how that affected the case. Algy's mother was a widow, too. She had a flat in Hampstead, and, naturally, she doesn't want a big establishment. I thought Algy's remarks most out of place.

One would have supposed that he and I were quite unused to having things nicely done! Why! We always had soup for dinner every night, and generally some

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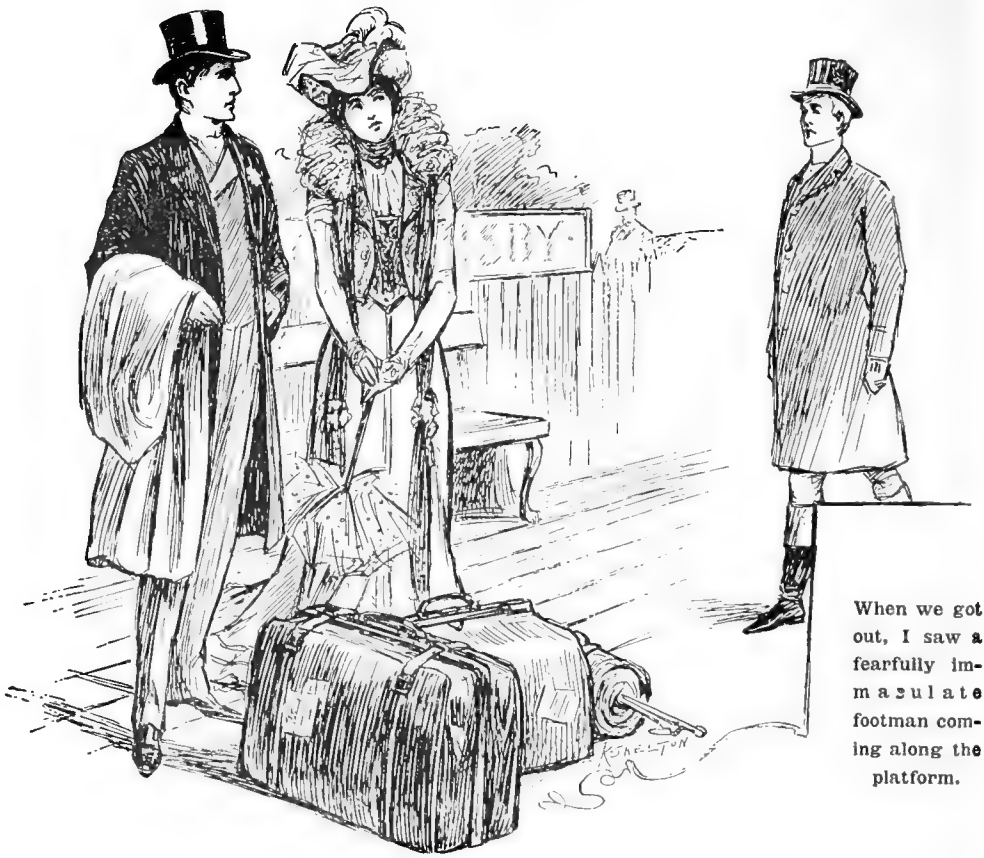

When we got out, I saw a fearfully immaculate footman coming along the platform.

made-up dish, and a pudding or savoury—I don't know what more anybody could want!

Our wedding went off splendidly, and lots of people came to it. Mother had given me a lovely trousseau, and she wanted me to take several gowns away with me. But I said:

"Whatever is the good of dragging a lot of things to Dulsiby Hall? I shall only want an everyday dress, and something nice for Sundays, and just one evening dress, and a blouse or two."

"Well, dear," mother answered, "I should have thought you would have liked to wear some of your pretty things in a house like that. You would like to look your best. They are accustomed——"

"My dear mother, I don't want to dress to please the furniture," I said, "nobody will be there except our two selves. I shall only take one box."

I was always very firm, and prided myself on my decision of character. I got my way this time, and Algy and I started on our wedding journey after a most hearty send-off, with my box, his portmanteau and two bags in the fly with us.

It was past six when we reached the station two miles from Dulsiby Hall. We were travelling first class, because it was our honeymoon, and I did feel grand and important. When we got out, I saw a fearfully immaculate footman coming along the platform, and he stopped when he saw us.

"Mr. Partridge, sir?" he said, most respectfully, touching his hat to Algy, who was collecting our small things, and gave a great jump.

"Oh—ah—yes," Algy said, looking rather foolish, "these are—I mean—there is luggage in the van, too—I——"

"Yes, sir." The man spoke as if he were wound up to do it. "I will see to it, sir. The omnibus is here for it. Shall I take the bag, sir? And would you kindly point out your maid?"

I jumped then. *A maid.* I had never had such a thing in my life, but I did not mean to tell the immaculate footman that fact, so, whilst Algy was still gasping feebly,

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I said, with what I thought was a most dignified manner:

"I have not brought my maid with me. The luggage is all labelled with our names."

I knew that a flicker of surprise looked out of the man's eyes, but he only touched his hat again, and preceded us into the entrance, where we found a carriage and pair. Behind the carriage stood a huge omnibus.

"What on earth's that for?" I whispered to Algy. "I thought *we* should drive in it when he said the 'bus was here."

"I don't know what it's here for," Algy said irritably—"we can't drive in both things at once. I suppose they meant it for the maid. Oh! good lord, Doll, I'm simply in a cold perspiration. I knew how it would be."

"Don't be a goose," I answered snappishly, and just then the footman came to the window.

"I can only find one box and one portmanteau, sir," he said, "I suppose there would be more? Perhaps they omitted to put them in at Paddington."

Our modest luggage followed in his rear.

"That's all," I said hastily, curbing a mild desire to tell him that I had not thought it worth while to bring *many* clothes for a visit to the country!

The quiet scorn I detected in his eyes made me regret those garments I had left behind; then I comforted myself with the reflection that it didn't really matter what *he* thought, a footman's opinion was immaterial to *me*.

The luggage went on in the omnibus, a vehicle totally disproportioned to our modest luggage, and we bowled along at a delicious pace through the country.

"What a lovely carriage," I cried fervently; "it seems to have such splendid springs, it doesn't jolt a bit. I think it's lovely to be doing the grand, don't you, Algy?"

Algy smiled sardonically. He had not quite recovered that cold perspiration, I think.

When we drove up the drive with a great deal of dash, the front door was flung open and I saw two footmen at the top of the steps, and behind them a most dignified old gentleman in black clothes.

"Oh, Algy!" I whispered, "who on earth is that?"

"The butler, of course," he snapped. "Don't be a fool, Doll, and give yourself away."

Give myself away, indeed! I should have liked to ask Algy what he meant. Why? Did he suppose I had never seen a *butler* before? Lots of our friends have them. Only in the shadow I didn't see very plainly, and he looked such an exceedingly dignified old gentleman.

I tried to walk up those steps with a sort of "I've-been-used-to-this-kind-of-thing-all-my-life" air, but I tripped at the top, and as nearly as possible fell down. Algy only just saved me.

I didn't feel sure whether I ought to speak to the butler and footmen, or whether I'd better walk straight on. I decided that it would be too familiar to speak, so I went across the hall with my head held extra high, and the butler, with a most deferential air, held open the door of a room where I saw tea was prepared for us.

"Would you wish dinner at eight o'clock, or eight-thirty, madam?" he said.

At home we always dined at seven. I was beginning to say so when I caught sight of Algy frowning most fearfully.

"Dinner at eight," he said very shortly. I don't think Algy has the repose of the Vere de Veres.

Then the butler went away, and we were left alone in a most enormous and beautiful drawing-room, cramful of as many things as a museum.

"People like this always dine very late," Algy said, "do try and remember we've got to do as they do now."

The tea service and the tray and all were of silver, and I never saw such heaps of little cakes and scones. I was hungry and ate a lot, till Algy frowned again and said:

"Look here, Doll, it isn't good form to eat so much at tea time. The servants will be awfully surprised."

"Oh, bother the servants!" I said. All the same I didn't touch another morsel.

Two footmen cleared away the tea. They were both horribly solemn and moved like mechanical toys. Algy and I didn't speak a word whilst they were in the room. I don't believe Algy dared, and I didn't feel inclined to say anything.

Algy came and knelt by my side when they were gone, and had just begun asking me how I thought I should like to be called Mrs. Partridge when the door handle rattled, and he scrambled to his feet, and a minute after the butler came in. He crossed the room with an air of dignified ease which I positively envied—I did, indeed.

"Might I speak to you a moment, sir?" he said to Algy in a hushed and solemn voice, and I wondered what in the world he could want, as he preceded Algy out of the room, with the same dignified step that made Algy's

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attempt at easy indifference seem overdone and absurd.

After a few minutes Algy came back, mopping his face, looking heated and worried.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "that old buffer wanted to ask me about the wines for dinner. I always rather fancied myself on wines, but, my hat, the butler fairly stumped *me!* He reeled off names I'd never heard of till I didn't know if I stood on my head or my heels. So now I've said we'll have champagne. I didn't know what to do."

I held out my hand to him, and he came and sat down on the arm of my chair, and put his arm round me, and was just beginning to say that it didn't matter whether we were in a Hall or a cottage as long as we were together, when there was a knock at the door, and Algy had to spring up and lean against the mantelpiece in a seemingly careless attitude before he called out, "Come in."

A very grand lady responded to his words. She wore a rustling black silk dress, and gave us a bow that would have done credit to a duchess.

"The housekeeper, madam," she said. "I understand that you have not brought your maid. I came to see whether you would like the second housemaid to unpack your box, and to wait upon you? She has been accustomed to do a lady's maid's duties occasionally."

"Thank you," I murmured feebly, looking at Algy. My vaunted decision of character had deserted me.

"Yes—yes," Algy said nervously, "certainly, dear, let the second housemaid look after you. Give the housekeeper your keys."

I handed them to her meekly, and when she had gone I sank back in my chair with a groan.

"Oh, goodness!" I gasped, "I feel like a bird in a cage." I felt much worse, when, half-an-hour later, I went up to dress for dinner, and found a trim young woman in black in possession of my room. She had laid out my one evening dress, and put away my other things.

From behind the closed doors of the dressing-room I presently heard a murmur of voices, my husband was speaking in deprecating accents, and somebody replied to him.

"Who is with Mr. Partridge?" I asked, curiosity overpowering every other feeling.

"It's James, madam," the young woman said. "Mr. Gregg thought that as Mr. Partridge had not brought his valet, perhaps James had best come and see to his things."

I was too utterly dumfounded to say a word. I knew that Algy had no more been used to a valet than I to a maid!

I felt just like a wax figure in a shop whilst I was being dressed for dinner. I didn't know whether I ought to talk to the young woman or hold my tongue, and, as I did not wish to encourage undue familiarity, I did not utter a syllable during the dressing process, except to answer necessary questions.

"Would you wear any jewellery, madam?" she asked finally.

Well! as she had unpacked my box she must have known perfectly well that I hadn't any jewels, except a locket and chain.

"No, thank you," I said very stiffly.

I thought I had never spent a more embarrassing half hour than that, but the hour that followed was ten thousand times worse. Algy and I were solemnly ushered into an enormous dining-room, where a small table in the middle looked like an oasis in the desert.

We were waited upon by the butler and two footmen, and it upset me so dreadfully to feel their eyes watching me eat, that I bolted my food like a boa constrictor. I was awfully hungry, but I couldn't really enjoy my meal when I knew that great man behind my chair was waiting to snatch away my plate directly it was empty. We did have a lot of courses. I was surprised to see what a number of things could be sent up for one dinner; we ended up with ices, too. In our set we only have ices for a party.

I got dreadfully muddled about the wines. I had such a lot of glasses, and they all seemed to be always filled up, it made me quite nervous, and I ended by drinking hardly anything, and going thirsty to bed, when I drank a lot of water off my washing stand.

When the servants left the dining-room at dessert time, I felt like going into hysterics.

"Oh, Algy!" I cried, "it's awful."

"I told you how it would be," he said calmly.

"Can't we—couldn't you say we don't want all these great men pottering round here all the time? Can't we ring when we want them, as we do at home?"

"Good Heavens no!" Algy answered. "I shouldn't dare tell them to do anything they don't generally do. They're sharp enough, as it is, to see we aren't used to this sort of thing. I knew how it would be." He spoke quite bitterly.

The next morning the housekeeper came to me, a paper in her hand.

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"I have brought you the *menu*, madam," she said. "I thought you would like to see if there was anything you would wish altered."

She was quite respectful, but I had an inner conviction that she despised me, and my efforts after what I had heard mother call "an easy manner" were a dismal failure. My easiness sounded flippant or familiar, I didn't know which.

That house perfectly swarmed with servants. One couldn't even put on coal for oneself, there were always footmen popping in and out to see to the fire, or to pull up the blinds or put them down, or something. And there must have been dozens of housemaids, I seemed to see a different one every time I went upstairs. The one who waited on me made me feel a worm the next evening.

"Will you wear the same dress again, madam?" she asked. I could have sworn there was an emphasis on the again.

"No, no," I said hurriedly. "I'll wear a blouse and the black net skirt."

I had an unpleasant feeling that her eyebrows went up, and I suddenly remembered reading in one of the fashion papers, that blouses had gone out in the best circles, and that only dresses with the skirt and body alike were worn now.

I felt such a shabby, badly-dressed creature, and I was sure the butler and footmen thought I was, too.

Algy and I couldn't talk a bit at meals when these men were there. It seemed to dry up all our ideas to have them hanging about. We sat like dummies till they left the room.

The garden was almost as bad as the house. It was overrun with gardeners and gardeners' boys, and we didn't dare speak to the head man, he was such a swell, with a very distant and aloof sort of air.

I had quite looked forward to some drives, but the discomforts of going out in the carriage far outweighed any pleasure it might have been.

Two footmen always put us into the vehicle and wrapped the rug round us, and, feeling their eyes on me, made me awkward. I'd heard someone say once that the way you got into a carriage showed whether you were really aristocratic or not, and, remembering that remark, made me self conscious.

Twice I tripped on the step and nearly fell on my face, only one of the footmen saved me, and once I got mixed up with the white fur mat, and had to be disentangled. Then whilst we were driving, I never could settle whether it looked best to sit upright or to lean back, in a sort of *négligé* way. I felt all the time that the men on the box could see me with the backs of their heads, and were noticing whether I sat

We did have a lot of courses.

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in the right position, and as if I was to the manner born, so how could I enjoy myself?

After three days we were both so miserable that we didn't know how to bear it.

"I'll tell you what, Doll," Algy said to me, when we were sitting gloomily in the library, "I can't stand this infernal hole any longer. I shall go mad if I have that fellow James pottering round me and my clothes, and that butler gives me the blue devils. He's so beastly polite, and he knows such a confounded lot about wines. I feel like a baby or an outsider whenever he says a word."

"It makes me feel sick always having to live up to servants," I cried hotly, "it's so—so ridiculous to care what they think, and what does it matter to that stupid housemaid whether I have proper clothes or not? I've no patience with people who are always bothering about what their servants will say! There are too many servants here, and they expect too much of you! Oh, Algy, do let's go away!" I ended meekly.

"The tips are keeping me awake at night," Algy said sadly, "I don't know what I ought to give all these wretched servants, when we do go."

"Never mind," I said, "give them *anything*, only let us get away."

We spent the whole afternoon in planning a way of escape, and at last Algy did a brilliant thing. He wired to a friend in Paris, saying:

"Please send for me at once, most important," and I never felt so grateful to anybody as I did to that friend when he wired back.

"Come to me immediately, most urgent."

Algy gave the most elaborate explanations to the butler, and I did the same to the housekeeper, about our being called away to Paris on very special business. They listened respectfully and with apparent credulity, but I suspected that they saw through us.

We wrote the same story to Lady Stibbert and to my mother, and his, and then we shook the dust of Dulsiby Hall from our feet with untold joy. Algy scattered tips right and left. He says it was the most expensive honeymoon he had ever dreamt of, even in his wildest dreams, but nothing seemed to me to matter, so long as we could only get away from that nightmare of a house.

We had a jolly time in Paris, where we were not always standing on tiptoe, trying to live up to the impossible ideals of other people's servants, and never again, I hope, shall I go through such an ordeal as I endured on those first three days of our honeymoon, never again, as long as I live, do I wish to set foot in Dulsiby Hall.

TO MY LOVE.

Shall I tell you how I love you,
Dear, my own?
Now that I stand close above you,—
I alone,—
Let my hand rest gently on you,
Let me once more fondly con you,
And with stedfast eyes upon you,
Make my moan.

I should like to make an outcry,
My heart's dear,
Ah! the shadow of a great sigh
Hovers near.
'Tis a hopeless war I'm waging,
(I can see that you are ageing,)
With despair I'm dumbly raging,
And with fear.

You are dear to me as ever,
Love of mine,
Yes, I even think you clever—
Passing fine;
But, alas! whene'er you leave me,
Other men always receive thee
In a spirit that doth grieve me,
I repine.

I am filled with an exceeding
Great distress,
Consolation I am needing,
I confess.
Though I love you and respect you,
Critics cavil and dissect you,
All the Editors reject you—
My MS.

V. H. F.

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Our Ping-Pong Tournament

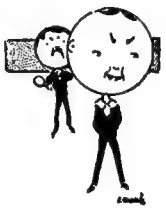
By Hilda Cowham.

Dear Jack,—

I forgot to tell you last time I wrote you that we play Ping-Pong now at St. Dominic's. I don't know whether you've ever heard of the game; it's fine, I can tell you. Jones, that's my chum, brought it back with him after the vac. You remember Jones, don't you? Rather a society sort of chap. He says ping-pong is quite the rage now among decent people. Why, he told me that there are clubs and all sorts of things being got up for it, and he's sure to know, 'cos he's always been a chap to go about a lot. Besides, his father's something in the toy line of business, I believe.

Well, he brought this thing down, and it's something like tennis, only you play it on a table instead of the ground, and only two can play at a time.

Of course, when the other chaps saw it they sneered horribly, called it awful rot, said it was child's play, and things like that, and told Jones to send it down to the fags to amuse them. You know, it looks easy till you try it—simply shoving a ball over a net they said; but, by Jove, old man, you should have seen their faces when they first took a hand at it. Why Granville, he's the head boy of the school and very stuck up, when he first started he sent the balls miles away.



You see, it's this way. If you hit the ball too hard it goes miles; if you hit it too softly the beastly thing doesn't go over the net, as you'll know when you try it.

Well, anyhow, Jones and his Ping-Pong set were not at all popular. You see, a chap won't give up football, and old games like that, for a new one that he knows nothing about in a hurry, will he?

There were only four of us, Jones, Smith, Brown and myself, that ever attempted to play it at all. We used to have an old door placed across two trestles in a shed in the playground, and play there whilst the other chaps were playing footer or some other game.

Well, one day old Skins (that's short for Simpkins, our Greek master), an awfully clever chap and a great favourite with the fellows, passed whilst we were at it, and looked in; he seemed very interested, and asked us to show him how it was done and what the game was, which we did, you can bet. And he liked it so much that he wanted us to tell him the next time we came down and he would join us.

Of course, we all felt very puffed up with that, it was an honour, I can tell you; 'cos the other chaps had been wanting him for years to play in their football team, and he wouldn't, and after that he used to come nearly always, and play with us. Of course, we didn't tell the other chaps, 'cos they'd have been jealous.

Things went on like this for some weeks till one day Ethel went past and saw us. You

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remember me telling you about Ethel last term. She was very sweet on me then, you know, sent me chocolates and bits of cigars and things, but this half she doesn't seem so keen. I believe she's got an eye for Granville. I saw her looking at him in church last Sunday, but I don't mind, I've almost given up girls since I started this new game. She walked past with her nose in the air, and must have sneaked. Trust a girl for that, especially if she's a bit off you. I expect she told Granville, 'cos next day round he came.

Well, after that, there was such a revolution; he ordered a set for himself, and tried to get Skins to play with him, but no blooming fear, no beginners for old Skins, 'cos I can tell you we were pretty fly at the game by now, and we ought to have been; why, you should have seen us, we were so keen, we used to tear down and start as soon as the bell had rung.

It's rather hot work, but we didn't mind that; two of us could cool off whilst the other two had a game. Would you believe it, a week after Granville looked into the shed and saw us playing, almost everybody had a set, and had started to play, and they did get keen on it too; almost every available room was taken up with it—there were chaps playing Ping-Pong in the hall, in the study, in the library, in fact, everywhere.

I expect Jones's father made a good thing out of it, as they all had their sets from him, you know I told you he was in the toy trade.

I believe the Head has one, too, 'cos I saw Ethel with a racquet in her hand at one of the windows. She didn't see me, or pretended she didn't. I don't care much; as I said before, I'm rather off girls just now, she can have Granville if she likes.

Of course after the others had started the game we didn't keep the feud up very long with them, for after all imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, which is rather consoling, but they never could get old Skins to play with them—shows what a loyal chap he is, doesn't it?

After they had been at it for some weeks, Jenkins of the upper sixth suggested that we should have a tournament like they have in tennis; he said he'd seen about one in some paper down at the tuck shop. We four chaps were to be committee, 'cos we'd started the game, and quite right, too, considering how we had kept it up, and under great difficulties, too, really.

Sometimes the other chaps had been very unpleasant about it, used to send us Ping-Pong balls dressed up as scarecrows, and very good ones they make too, by the way; if you stick a bit of your own hair on to the top and paint a face on with ink and then fasten the ball with sealing wax to a cork for a body, something like this will be the result.

Well, to continue about the tournament, we sent Smith, who has the best manners, to ask the Head for permission, which he gave, providing the preparations didn't interfere with our studies. Of course it wouldn't with Smith, 'cos he always makes his fag do his.

I must stop now old chap, the bell is ringing for prayers.

Will write again soon.—Yours.

DEAR JACK,—

Now you know in my last letter I told you I was rather off girls. Well, I'm sorry to say I've since found out I'm not. It isn't that the Ping-Pong craze is wearing off, but you know I met Ethel the other day, and, well you know how it is, old chap, she looked—— oh fine. Of course, I felt myself going limp all over. I'm sure it was the love coming back all in a heap. I couldn't help it, somehow, and now I'm as smitten again as ever.

She doesn't take any notice of me: I'm quite out of it. She still sends all sorts of nice things to Granville, I know, 'cos I tip his fag to tell me.

Why the other day there were two chocolate mice in his trouser pocket, so his little beast told me, and I fancy I saw the tail of one of them sticking out myself.

Jolly brave of her, wasn't it, to send them to him, as she's very frightened of them, really?

We are all working very hard over the tournament. There's to be a prize given. Jones's pater has trumped up with one, a whole cricket set. I don't suppose it'll cost him as much as it would anyone else, for reasons I've told you of, but it's jolly fine of him to do it, all the same.

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Of course, we four are still the champions of the school, but you know Granville gets in a jolly hot return sometimes, and is coming on very promisingly. I believe he makes his fag practice with him for hours.

We've arranged the affair for the sixth, and there are to be visitors invited. Can you come? If so I'll send you tickets.—Yours——

DEAR JACK,—

Since I wrote you last I've been very busy. The affair is to-morrow, as you know, and

I've just seized a few minutes before tea to write you this. I've had it out with Granville about Ethel. At first he was very huffy, wouldn't answer anything about her till I told him I could see a bit further than my nose. Then he seemed to understand a little, and, by the way, old man, she's begun sending me things again, not many, but enough to let me see she's not forgotten me.

Aren't girls funny like that, never content with one at a time, 'cos she sends Granville piles of things as usual, but when I told him about it he looked rather sick. He's very far gone, I fancy, so after that there was nothing left, but we must fight, and this is how we arranged it. We daren't use pistols or swords, 'cos the Head made such a fuss over the last affair. So we said that after the tournament was over he and I should meet for a game, and whoever won should have Ethel, and I, being the better player, was to allow him six points.

Will let you know how I get on in next letter.—Yours.

P.S.—Granville's fag has told me that he

sends up to town at least once a day for a new bat. It seems he's tried every sort there is. Good bis. for J.'s father, eh? And he nearly works him to death. I told the little silly it was good for kids. Makes men of them quicker, and promised him my cigar to finish if he'd tell me what bat suited G. best, but he wouldn't.

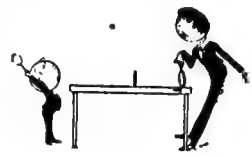
DEAR JACK,—

The day is over at last, and I am heart-broken. Of course she's mine. I'll tell you all about it. I'm locked up for a week, so don't know when you'll get this, if ever.

The tournament started splendidly; I wish you'd been able to come, all the others came, heaps of them, and they brought heaps more. The Head was very pleased with the whole affair, except—but that I'll tell you later.

We had four tables in all, all down the centre of the lecture room with chairs all round for the guests to look on, and for two hours there was nothing but Ping-Pong-Ping-Pong.

There was Fatty Brown and Long Tompkins playing together, and a silly little fag of Wright's who was so small he could scarcely look over the table edge, and had to jump every time to catch a ball at all, playing with Sandy, and Ethel was there looking scrumptious.



Oh dear, I daren't think of her—and she smiled so sweet—you must forgive me, I can't help thinking of her, old man, and she'd sent me a whole cigar that morning. I've smoked half of it, the rest is in my overcoat pocket. I wish I had it here to console me.

But to return to the tournament, it went off splendidly, but who do you think won? Why Granville's fag, you see he'd been doing it so long with G. that he was quite a crack hand at it.

When it was over we all shook hands with him and congratulated him on his success; he did look pleased, poor little beggar.

Then came our turn, G.'s and mine, but something happened that we hadn't reckoned on. When the Head left the lecture-room he told old Skins to put out the gas; you see we were going to have our game whilst the others were feeding if we could slip off, but after that we daren't go back and put the gas up.

I looked at G. to see if he was game, but he shook his head, so we went into supper with the others. I signalled to G. to wait outside for me when it was over, which he did, and we arranged that we should come down after the others were in bed. Oh, how slowly the time seemed to go; it always does if you want it to go fast.

When at last we did go I smuggled a box of matches up with me, that I'd got from cook, and sat on the edge of the bed and waited till all was quiet. I was to call for G. on my

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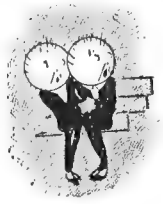
way down. He came out directly, and we both crept along to the hall; you can't imagine how dark it is downstairs after they've all gone to bed, if you've never seen it. When we got to the lecture-room, G. was trembling like a leaf; I could feel him when I took the key from him to open the door; even I felt funny; it seemed rather uncanny, especially when we went into the room, and you could hear the mice tearing away across the room, I'm not really afraid of mice a bit. Granville dropped his bat over the bannisters and we had to wait some time to hear if it had awakened anyone, and whilst we were waiting something sneezed quite at my elbow it seemed to me.

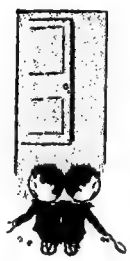


I am not a bit of a coward, but I confess it gave me a bit of a fright. I don't know quite what it was, 'cos Granville heard it, too, but I fancy it was the cat, as I noticed she was sneezing a good bit the next day, when she came to visit me in my solitude. But the greatest fright came when we went into the lecture-room. I just gave a step forward, and trod on something.

I don't know what it could have been, but it yelled—Mamma! It nearly paralysed me, and Granville was so frightened he gave a lurch forward, and kicked it miles away. Granville lit the gas, and we looked round, but couldn't see anything about.

After a few minutes we were ready. I don't know whether I looked as queer as Granville, you should have seen him, he looked awful. I think it was a very serious matter with him, he had his coat off, 'cos we'd neither of us undressed, and his hair stood almost on end.

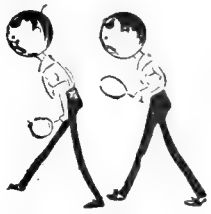
I had first serve, and sent the ball over; it gave old G. such a start that he missed it. I must say it did sound awful; it seemed to go all round the room and up the stairs and all over the house.



I tried another, and he missed that, and then we heard a sound. Quick as lightning I put out the gas, and we hid under the table. But nothing came of it. We stayed there for about a quarter of an hour before we dare come out again, then we put up the gas again and started afresh; but the same thing happened again, only this time the door opened gently; we hadn't latched it, so I think it must have been the wind; so we waited again, and then agreed to go on with the game whatever happened.

This time we did; first I won a game, then G.; we didn't care now; we were so excited that ten million ghosts, teachers, or Heads might have come in and we shouldn't have heard them. We were just finishing—in fact I just won the last stroke and Ethel, when something came forward and put a hand on my shoulder; who should it be but the Head!

Oh! it was awful, really; but I didn't mind. I quite forgot myself in my excitement and shrieked out "She's mine! she's mine!" I think he thought I was mad, and sent me straight off to bed again, and Granville too; but he came up this morning for an explanation, and it wasn't at all nice, I can tell you. Your wounded——



P.S.—I wonder what Ethel's doing and whether she's heard.

DEAR JACK,—

I had a letter this morning, guess who from, but you can't, you'll never guess. From Ethel. Oh, it's the funniest thing out, she was in the room the whole time, had gone down to fetch her doll—that was the awful thing we trod on—and heard something coming, which was us, and hid behind the screen thinking it was a ghost or something. Poor little thing, how we must have frightened her?

And, Oh, Jack, she tells me I am the chosen one; aren't I a lucky man? I can't tell you all she put in the letter, I wish I could, but you wouldn't understand it, 'cos you've never been in love. — From your revived.

Oh, by the way Granville's fag brought me the letter, pushed it through the keyhole, and he yelled through that G. had tried to hang himself with his necktie, but old Skins came in just as he was tying himself up and saved him, plucky thing to do, wasn't it, eh?

DEAR JACK,—

I'm let out at last, but Oh, Horrors!!! Ethel has been packed off to school at Bournemouth.—Yours.

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CAP AND BELLS

"I hear that you have been laid up with nervous prostration. What was the matter—overwork or worry?"

"Not exactly. The fact is, I tried to have a photograph taken that suited my wife."

* * * * *

The history that repeats itself
(Thus saving useless labours)
Is not one's private history; that's
Repeated by one's neighbours.

* * * * *

"I say!" the girl's father called from above stairs, "this is an unearthly hour for that young man to be here, Mary."

"You're right," responded the young man, who had just been accepted; "the hour is unearthly, sure enough—it's simply heavenly!"

* * *

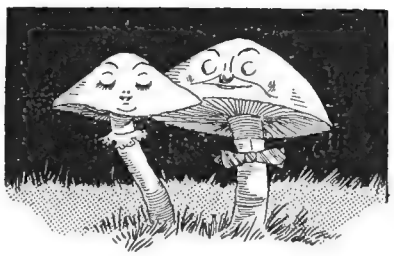
ALPHONSO: "Gwendolyn, why are you so cruel as to keep me waiting for my answer? It is now ten minutes since I asked you to be my wife."

GWENDOLYN: "Oh, pardon me; I forgot. I was simply choosing my bridesmaids."

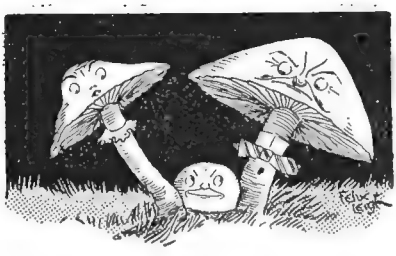
* * *

"I've never been able to save anything," complained the poor man.

"You have probably saved yourself a lot of worry," replied the rich man.



Lovesick Mushroom: "Nothing, darling, shall ever come between us. I swear it."



Interloping Puff-ball: "Then how about me?"

The poet had a song about the ocean in his pocket, and he longed to read it to his fair companion. It was a little thing of his own; but, lacking courage to whip it out boldly, he decided to lead up to it—gracefully, of course.

"Miss Daisy," he began, "did you ever think what those vast heaving billows, melting on the shore and then receding, sing as they come and go?"

"No, I never have," Daisy replied calmly; "but when my brother and I were on the coast of Kent last summer, we used to listen to the waves breaking, and he said they sounded to him——"

"Poetical?" interrupted the poet, fingering the poem in his pocket.

"Y-es, perhaps so," said Daisy. "They went 'Slosh, b'gosh, slosh, b'gosh,' from morning until night."

"Um," said the poet, taking his hand from his pocket.

* * *

"Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eye?" asked the magistrate.

"Sure, your honour, he wasn't a physical wreck till after he give me the black eye," replied the complaining wife.

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TO MY WASHERWOMAN.

Oh, thou with wealth of curling hair
That in abundance crowns thy head,
Why is it that at thy approach
My heart should beat with sick'ning dread?

'Tis not the dimples in thy cheeks
That deepen (not at words of love),
Nor for the glances of thine eyes
That gleam so tenderly above.

Nor is it for those velvet lips
That part in many roguish smiles
To keep one ever at thy side,
So cunning are thy artless wiles.

Oh, no, not these, my simple friend,
Would cause my heart to beat with pain,
It is not love that thrills my pulse,
Or even fills my idle brain.

But why my heart should beat with dread,
Oh, woman of the ebon locks,
It is because that every week
You bring me someone else's socks.

* * *

A henpecked husband had his better half arrested for assaulting him. The plaintiff was in the witness-box.

"And now, Mr. O'Toole," said his counsel, "will you kindly tell the jury whether your wife was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sor?"

"With impunity."

"She wuz, sor, now an' then; but she ginerly used th' potaty masher."

* * * *

PATIENCE: "He must have a soft spot in his heart for me."

PATRICE: "Why so?"

PATIENCE: "He says he is always thinking of me."

PATRICE: "But, you know, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head."

BOGGS: "How is it that your hair is quite white, while your beard is very dark?"

NOGGS: "It is the most natural thing in the world."

BOGGS: "Indeed?"

NOGGS: "It is thirty years older."

Bertie Bagshaw, little "flat,"
Tried for hours to snap the cat,
But the creature saved her bacon,
And her tail alone was "taken."

The Dream Owl: "Are you the practical joker who goes about robbing birds' nests, leaving the plundered parent to sit upon ping-pong balls?"

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "there is one favour I want to ask you. I hope you will realise it is for your own good and not get angry."

"What is it?"

"I want you to solemnly promise me that you will never bet on a horse that isn't going to win."

* * *

DIGGS: "There goes a man who recently sold a magazine article for no less than £2000."

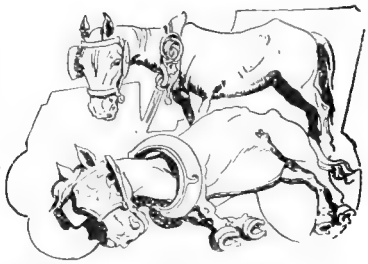
BIGGS: "Indeed! He certainly doesn't look like a gifted writer."

DIGGS: "Writer! Who said anything about a writer? That man sells printing presses!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the suburban idiot; "I had my watch stolen to-day."

"I shouldn't consider that a laughing matter," said his neighbour.

"Ah! But the thing runs slow, and just think how mad the thief will be when he misses his train by it!"



"This," said the prostrate horse, moving the injured limb to a less uncomfortable position, "is indeed the irony of fate."

"Do you refer," asked its unharnessed mate sympathetically, "to the proverb concerning the haughty spirit before a fall?"

"No," replied the horse, "but I have just heard them call for an automobile ambulance to carry me to the veterinary hospital."

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(1). Veteran: "Seen any fights, Missy? Why, lots.

(2). "The Captain sez, sez 'e: 'Boys, we've got to get them guns,' sez 'e,——

(3). "—— so we outs with our swords, an' away we went, an' ——

(4). "—— we got them guns, Missy!"

The next number of the Royal will appear on the 20th of June, a week before the Coronation. It will be a Double Number containing many features of rare and special interest. The price will be Sixpence.

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Grand-dad: **"What makes you look so unhappy, Willie?"**

Willie: **"'Cause nobody ever calls me good unless I'm doing something I don't want to do."**

"Johnny," queried the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny.

"Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?"

"All the rest of 'em," was the triumphant reply.

* * *

MRS. NEWLYWED (weeping): "A villainous-looking tramp tried to kiss me this afternoon, Jack."

MR. NEWLYWED: "Heavens! Those wretches will do anything to get into gaol for the winter, won't they?"

* * * * *

A NIGHTMARE.

From my thoughts I can banish
Her face if I will;
But the bill for the roses
Is unsettled still.

* * * * *

"I saw the Count kissing you just now in the conservatory. Why didn't you tell him to stop?"

"Why, Fred, I can't speak French!"

The other day a gentleman entered a restaurant in P——, and ordered a chicken. The chicken was evidently tough, for when the waiter came in he beheld the gentleman with his coat off in a great state of perspiration.

"Waiter," he said, "the chicken is very tough."

"Very sorry, sir; but you see that chicken always was a peculiar bird. Why, when we came to kill it we couldn't catch it, so at last we had to shoot it. It flew on to the house-top and——"

"Then, you must have shot the weathercock by mistake!"

CRITICAL.

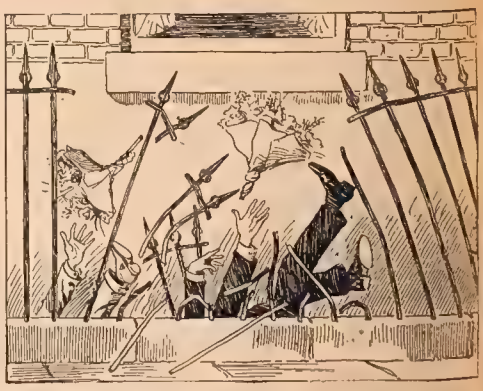
She: "You don't love me as much as you did or you would have stayed longer last night."

He: "But you insisted on my going."

She: "And if you had loved me you would not have gone."

* * * * * * * *

"WHAT HAPPENED?"



We offered a Prize of Two Guineas to the Competitor who suggested the Two Best Pictures which should, without a word of explanation, bring the story to an effective close. This Prize has been won by

MISS MACDONALD,

200, BATH STREET,

GLASGOW,

whose suggested conclusion we reproduce herewith, and to whom we have much pleasure in forwarding the Two Guineas.

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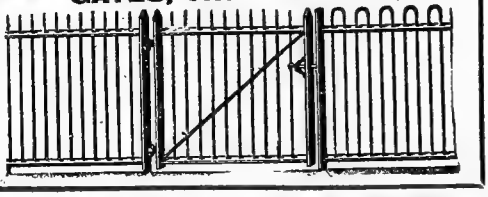

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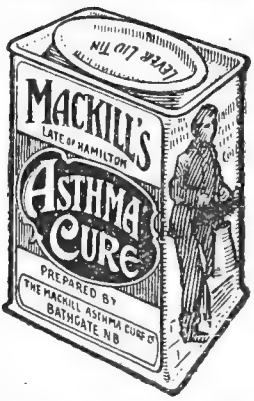

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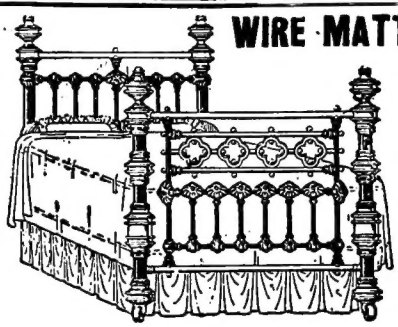

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